



VAMPI
8
NOV.

ILLUSTRATED TALES TO BEWITCH & BEDEVIL YOU

VAMPIRELLA

A WARREN MAGAZINE PDC

**VAMPIRELLA SACRIFICED BY THE UNHOLY SEVEN
IN A FANTASTIC 21-PAGE STORY!**



50¢

HEARTS AND FLOWERS TIME, WEIRDLINGS!
SO MANY FIEND FANS FORGET THAT
THESE THREE TERROR CLASSICS
ARE REALLY FEARY TALES OF
UNREQUITED...

LOVE!

SOME THUNDEROUS REVERSAL OF
NATURE CREATED KONG AND ANN
DARROW IS LEFT TO ENDURE THE
AWESOME ATTENTIONS AND THUNDER-
OUS LOVE CRY OF THE MONSTER
APE OF SKULL ISLAND!

IN THE DANK DUNGEON-LIKE FEAR CAVERNS
DEEP UNDER THE OLD OPERA HOUSE, AN
UNHOLY UNVEILING CAUSES ERIC, THE
PHANTOM, TO LOSE HIS HEART'S DESIRE!

THE STENCH OF THE ANCIENT DEAD
OVERCOMES HELEN GROSVENOR,
THE REINCARNATION OF THE MUMMY'S
DEATHLESS LOVE!





VAMPIRELLA

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VAMPI'S



SCARLET LETTERS

The cover on issue #6 was as good as the Frazetta cover on the previous issue. Ken Kelly's art was neat. Really neat. Your magazine is always great. I've noticed that not many readers have complained about your work as they do in CREEPY and EERIE.

BRIAN CARRICK
Bakersfield, Cal.

That's because we don't get too many letters of complaint. We must be doing something right.

Finally you had a movie classic in your great mag. I liked watching the old "Wolfman" movie on TV and was happy to see it finally turn up in komix form. Speaking of movies and stuff, did you know that you look like Lauren Bacall on page 61 in issue #6? I'll tell you, I didn't know you were that pretty. Why don't you cats do "This Island Earth" in komix form?

CRAIG HILL
Redwood City, Cal.

••Your magazine is TWICE as good as PLAYBOY!••

I take myself as a real hip vampire. Like, man, I used to be a real square. You know, the cloak and dagger type. But, man, I made the scene. Instead of changing into a bat, I turn myself into a flying electric guitar. Like all the other cats, I had to change my image. Of course, that's quite difficult for us vampires to do because we don't cast any images in the first place.

But, man, that's enough about me. I want to sound off on you. Like, baby, I heard a rumor that Count Dracula and Barnabas Collins are planning

to split you between them. I hope bigamy is legal on Drakulon if that's where you three are going to spend your honeymoon. (Or should I say, blood-moon?)

Your magazine really grooves. I psyched out when I saw my own kind in the story "Victim of The Vampire." It was the coolest story in all of issue #6. Give us more of that kind. Our people need the publicity.

I have one question that is deadly important to us earth-type vampires: How do you chicks and guys survive under

a sun? I saw it in your introduction story in the first issue.

RAYMOND LUCCI
Philadelphia, Pa.



An electric guitar? Sounds shocking! I hadn't heard the rumor about Barnabas and the Count. But there's no truth to it. I prefer younger, more red-blooded men. We weren't surviving very well under the sun back on Drakulon, as you may have gathered from the story. But that's one of the ways we differ from ordinary vampires. We're sunnier. Or hadn't you noticed?



SCENE FROM FRANK BOLLE AND VERN BENNET'S VICTIM OF THE VAMPYRE: Story drew letter response from readers Lucci, (above), and Maderia, (below).

Issue #6 was one of the best ever! And that cover! Wow! Who was that girl? She looked a lot like you.

There was one fault with the story "Victim of the Vampyre." The vampire should have killed the lovers and the father at the end.

It seems to me that all the Warren Magazines are getting soft. Where once their original

idea of putting evil over good was present, it is now gone. At one time we used to see vampires, werewolves and snakes devour the heroes at the end; now we see the hero kill the villain and live happily ever after with the broad. What is this? If I want to buy "Girl's Romance Story," I'll buy it.

JACK MADEIRA
Toronto, Ontario



Who's getting soft? Come on, Jack. Death still stalks our pages as much as ever. How can anybody live happily ever after if he kills a vampire. I, myself, find that to be the most grisly ending of all.

In issue #3 a fellow by the name of "Constance Hurwitz" said he would like letters from people who tell why they read your magazines.

Well, I read them because they have class, good stories and great artwork. It makes me sick the way people complain about your artwork. I buy your competitors' magazines, too,

but only because it shows me how really great you are.

I love to draw, and your magazine inspires me. I also think there is much more to your magazines than that, but not even I can tell another human. Do you know why your competitors don't have letters pages? Because all they'd get would be insults and complaints. I just paid \$5.00 for a subscription to your magazine because it's twice as good as a subscription to "Playboy."

Thanks a lot for all the pleasure you've given me. You and your companion mags.

CHAR COLUCCI
Long Beach, Cal.

you should fire them as they are very poor. The stories were great, but the pictures were terrible.

I especially didn't like the drawings of you in the stories. None of them looked like you.

I think the best art in any of your issues was in #3.

BENNIE BRENGLE
Birmingham, Ala.



We try all the time to shock you, Bennie. But not in this way. A lot of people thought the art in #6 was pretty good. Sorry you don't agree.

My friends have been telling me that I have vampire teeth. I have two long ones in front and I do have a strange feeling when the moon is full. I wish I were a vampire. And I wish you and I were sisters. I dig all of your books. Maybe I am a vampire and don't know it.

PEGGY TODD
Ridgeway, Va.



Maybe you are, Peggy. What's your favorite midnight snack?

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If you can't find CREEPY or EERIE or VAMPIRELLA on your favorite newsstand, here's something you can do about it. Just fill out this coupon to let us know where that backward newsstand is. We'll see that they get with it.

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“Jeff Jones’ work . . . a most superb piece of illustration!!”

I've been following Warren Publications since the introduction of **CREEPY**, and though this isn't an ordinary fan letter, I'm going to throw some praise your way.

All three of your magazines of illustrated horror are the most spectacular combination of literature and art since the first illustrated Bibles. It is criminal that works such as these go virtually unacclaimed by too many narrow-minded people.

I'm a newcomer to the communications media. I was given the opportunity to study journalism in High School where I wrote satire for the school paper. I studied for a major in photo-journalism and creative writing with a minor in art at the University of Minnesota for two years. I am currently working for a degree in commercial illustration at the School of Associated Arts in St. Paul, Minn.

To date, I have 20 unpublished stories that have been written expressly for your magazine. How does one go about submitting stories? I was wondering also, who writes the prologues and epilogues around your stories?

Incidentally, Jeff Jones' work on "An Axe to Grind" in **VAMPIRELLA** #5 was the most superb piece of illustration I have ever seen. If he, Frazetta or Neal Adams ever leave your magazines, it would be a heavy loss. They are, in my opinion, true masters of the macabre.

MARK ORLUSKE
Bloomington, Minn.

The same editor, as you know, puts together all three Warren Magazines, and it's a big job. Reading unsolicited manuscripts and commenting on them adds to the workload, which makes us reluctant to encourage them.

In general, we work with experienced writers and artists who work with us on an assignment basis. Getting the experience isn't easy, of course. But you're on the right track by getting the right education for it.

If you have story ideas you think would be acceptable, it's better to submit them as finished scripts, broken down into panels with indicated action as well as dialogue. Be sure to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope to ensure speedy return.

Getting into a business like this is almost as difficult as getting into show business. It takes a lot of time and a lot of discouraging interviews with editors and publishers. But the business needs young professionals and we think it's worth the effort.



DAN ADKINS' CENTAUR
Not up to par?

I've got some good news and some bad news. First, the bad news: Issue #6's "Feary Tales" disappointed me a little. The story was great—it was Dan Adkin's art that disappointed me. Now, I know that Dan is a master when it comes to illustration and layouts and he has proven this many times over in issues of "Doctor Strange." But that drawing was unworthy of his great talent.

Now, for the good news: The cover was truly a masterpiece!

Ken Kelly was reached and even surpassed the immortal Frank Frazetta. Any artist who doesn't agree should have his box of Crayolas confiscated and his Salvador Dali Fanclub card repossessed.

All in all, the issue was great. I always expect each issue to be better than the last and you've come through for me every time. And you probably always will.

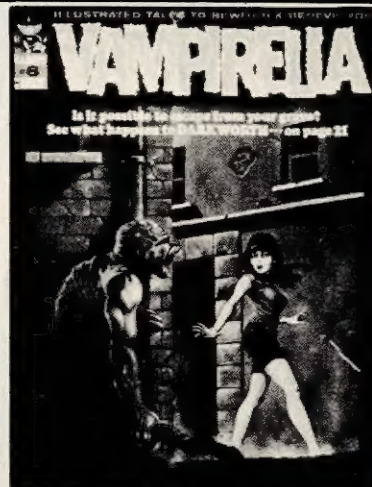
JOHN WOJCIK
Toronto, Ontario



Dangerous Dan Adkins might not appreciate what you say, John. Wit ye well; Vampiress herself thinks you're an uncouth, tasteless kook. However, Dan received a little literary help from vivacious, vampiric little ol' me on that "Feary Tales" page, so your flattery about the copy on Centaurs puts you in a less dim light, even though you still are a kook.

Since you did express a liking for Demon Dan's other work (albeit for the competition) he may not do what we generally do with folk like you. He may not journey to Ontario, wrap you up in a package, and mail you to some of our web-footed friends, first class, special. Then again he may. He may even mail some of our web-footed friends to you. Dan and the post office don't get along well these days.

Killer Ken Kelly nicely thanks you for ye olde adula-



KEN KELLY'S COVER
Better than Frazetta?

tion, but thinks you're a kook, too. He'll ask Fearless Frank what he thinks of your letter next time he drops into the Frazetta family's studio crypt, for his regular painting lesson. Frank will probably be gratified to learn that one of his students' work is admired by kooks.

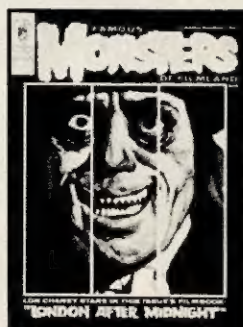
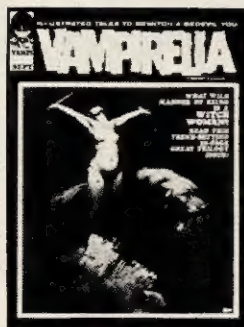
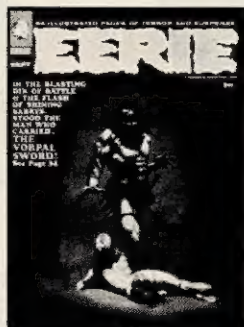
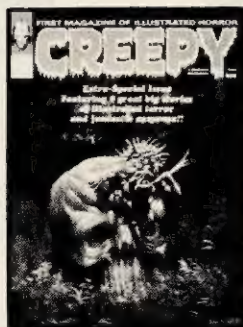
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VAMPIRELLA

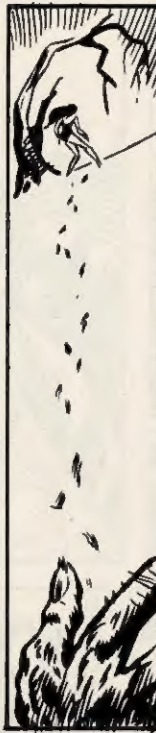


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VAMPIRELLA



TOM SUTTON '70

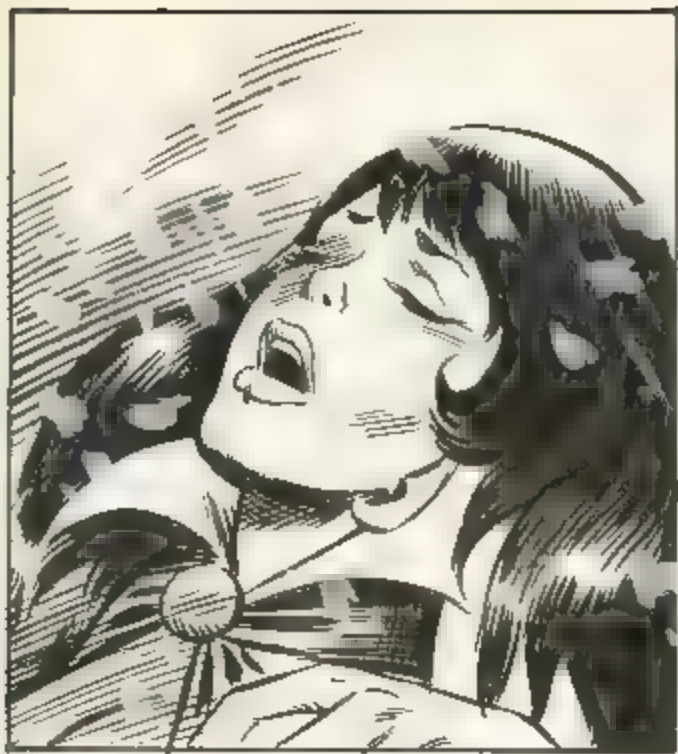






THE NIGHTMARE BEGINS. A MIND RAVAGED BY EXHAUSTION AND PAIN CONFRONTED BY INEXPLICABLE HORROR RETREATS TO THE ONLY SANCTUARY...UNCONSCIOUSNESS. BUT THE RETREAT IS TEMPORARY. VAMPIRELLA MUST AWAKEN; AWAKEN TO FACE GREATER TERROR, GREATER TRIALS; AWAKEN TO LEARN...

WHO SERVES the CAUSE of CHAOS?



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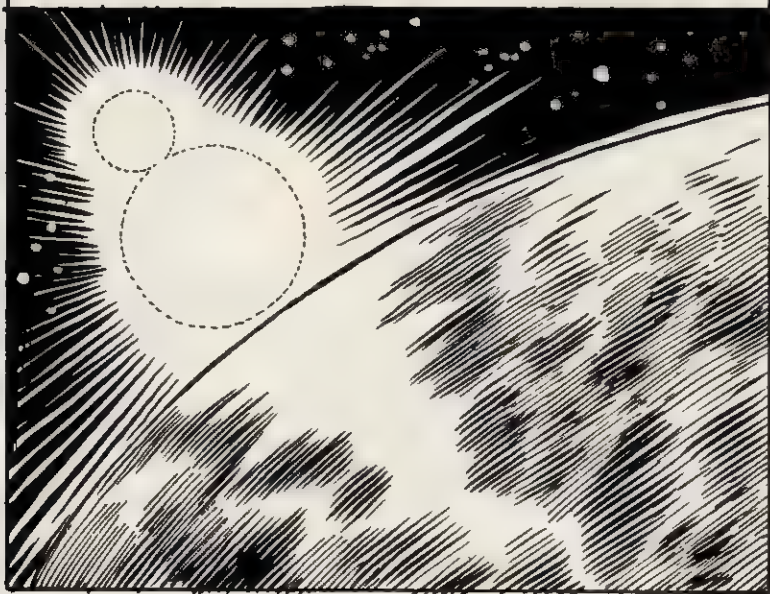
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DREAM, VAMPIRELLA. DRIFT IN THE BLACK NEBULA OF UNCONSCIOUSNESS WHILE YOUR MIND VOYAGES TO OTHER PLACES, OTHER TIMES...



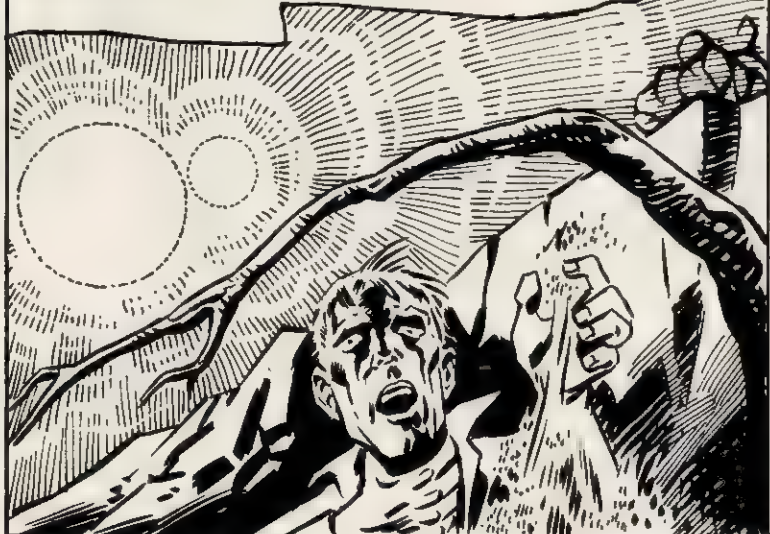
DREAM OF A WORLD LIGHT YEARS ACROSS THE SWIRLING VOID OF SPACE. A WORLD ORBITING AROUND BLAZING TWIN SUNS; A WORLD CALLED **DRAKULON**. YOUR WORLD, VAMPIRELLA...



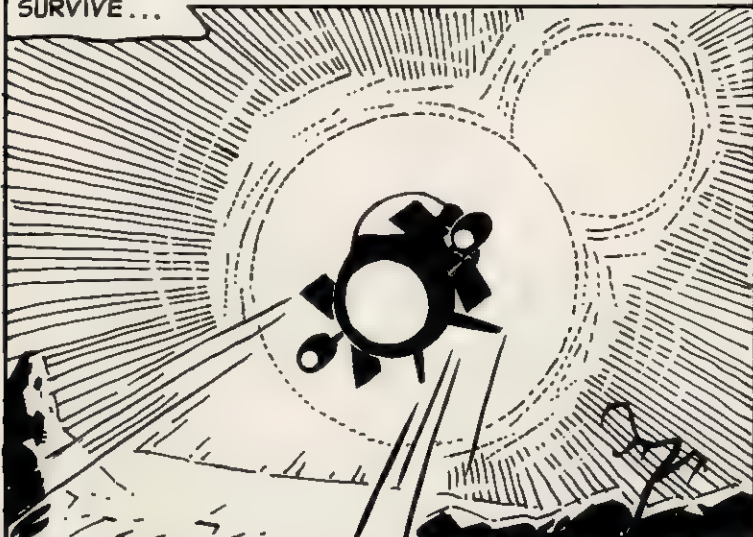
A WORLD WHERE **BLOOD** IS THE LIFE, AND FLOWS IN COURSING STREAMS AS WATER DOES ON EARTH. AND THESE ARTERIES FEED THE POPULATION OF THE PLANET...



BUT DRAKULON'S TWIN SUNS BURN RUTHLESSLY, RELENTLESSLY. DROUGHTS COME, AND EACH YEAR GROW LONGER UNTIL, AT LAST, THOSE CRAWLING TO THE STREAMS FOR SUSTENANCE FIND ONLY DUST...



DREAM NOW OF A ROCKET SOARING AWAY FROM THE DYING PLANET. INSIDE IT, PERHAPS THE LAST MEMBER OF YOUR RACE WITH WILL AND STRENGTH ENOUGH TO SURVIVE...



THAT WORLD IS **EARTH**, AND HERE BLOOD AS YOU REQUIRE IT ABOUNDS... BUT ONLY IN **HUMANS**, CREATURES LIKE YOURSELF! YOU HAVE NO CHOICE. TO EXIST, TO ASSURE THAT A DYING RACE LIVES ON...



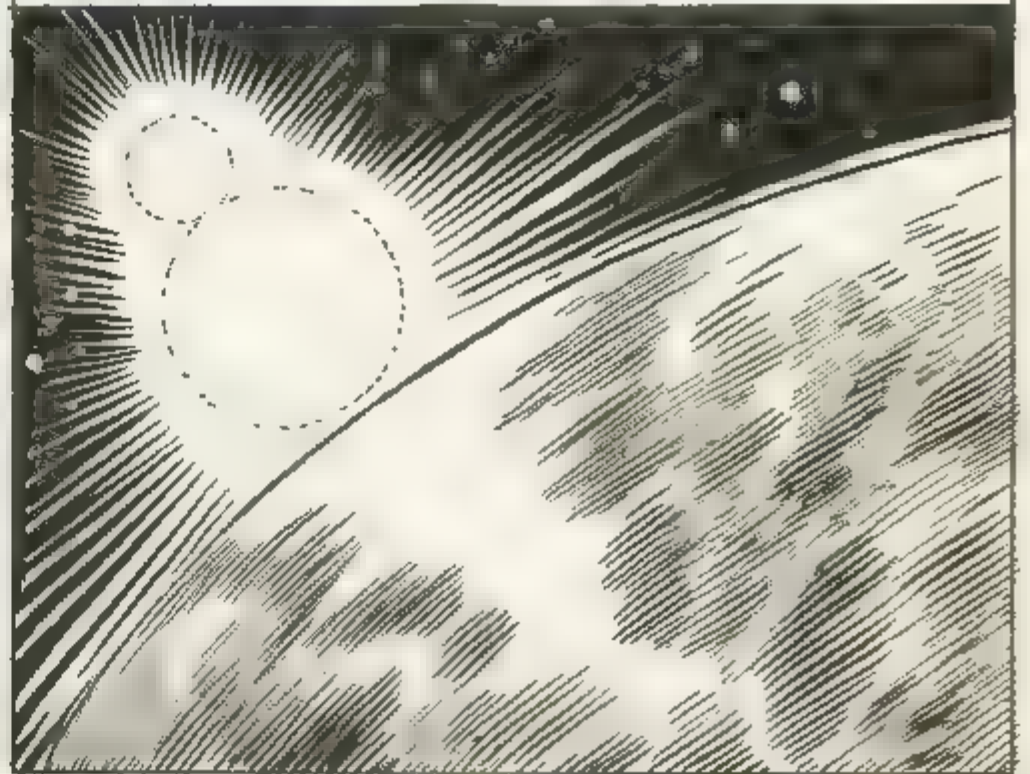
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...YOU BECOME A **HUNTRESS**!

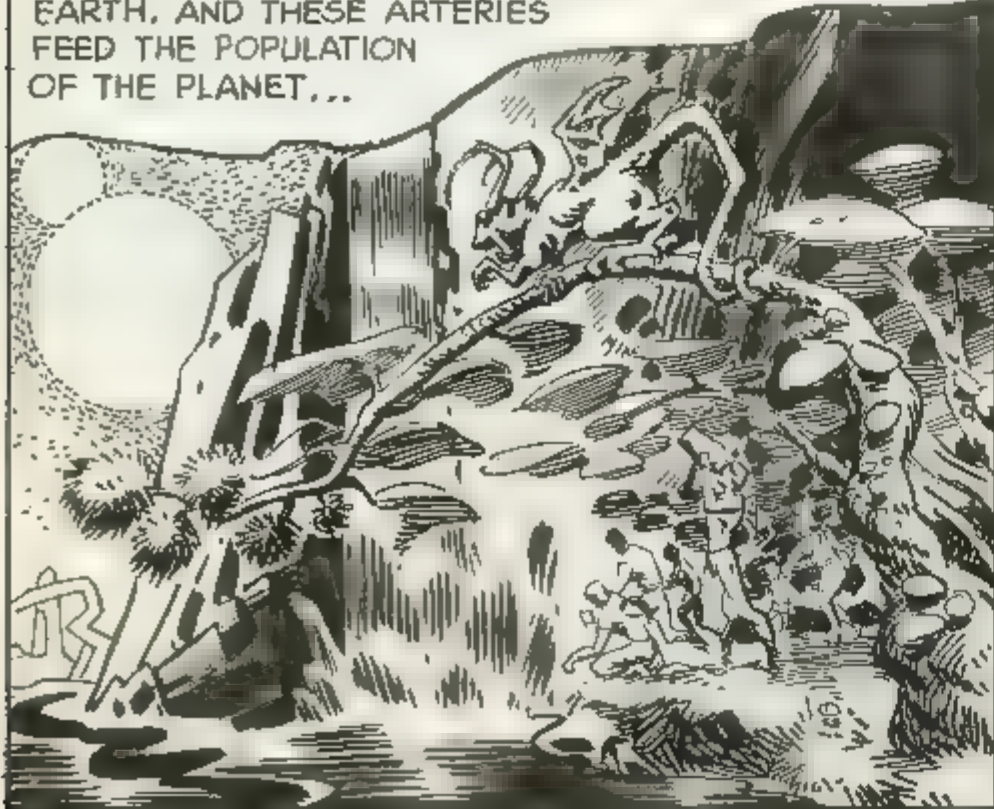
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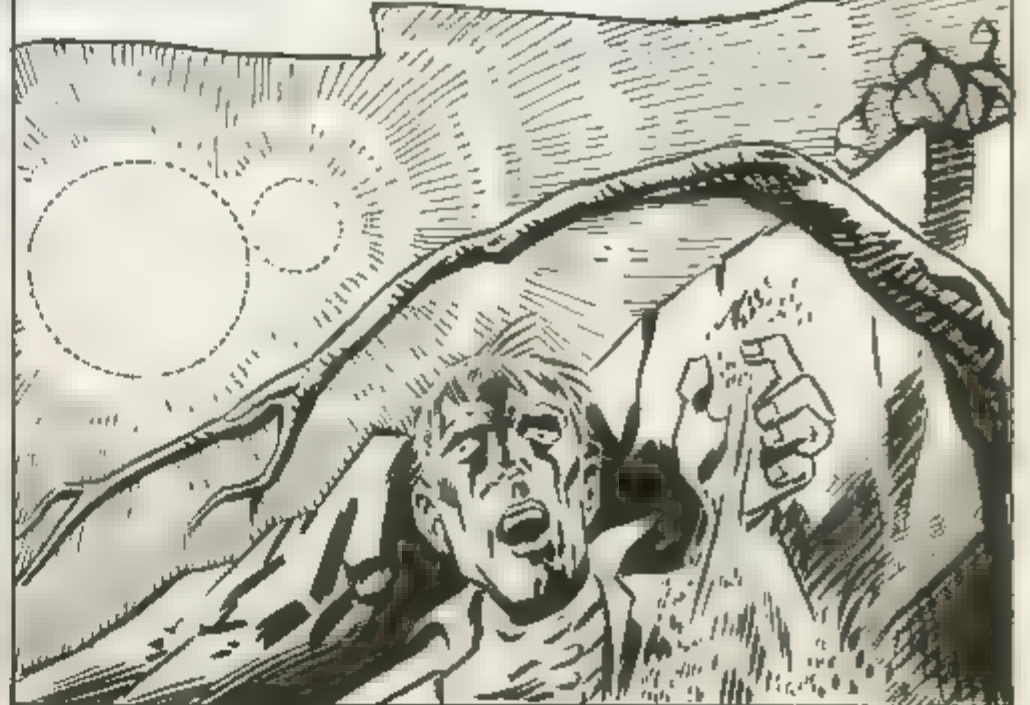
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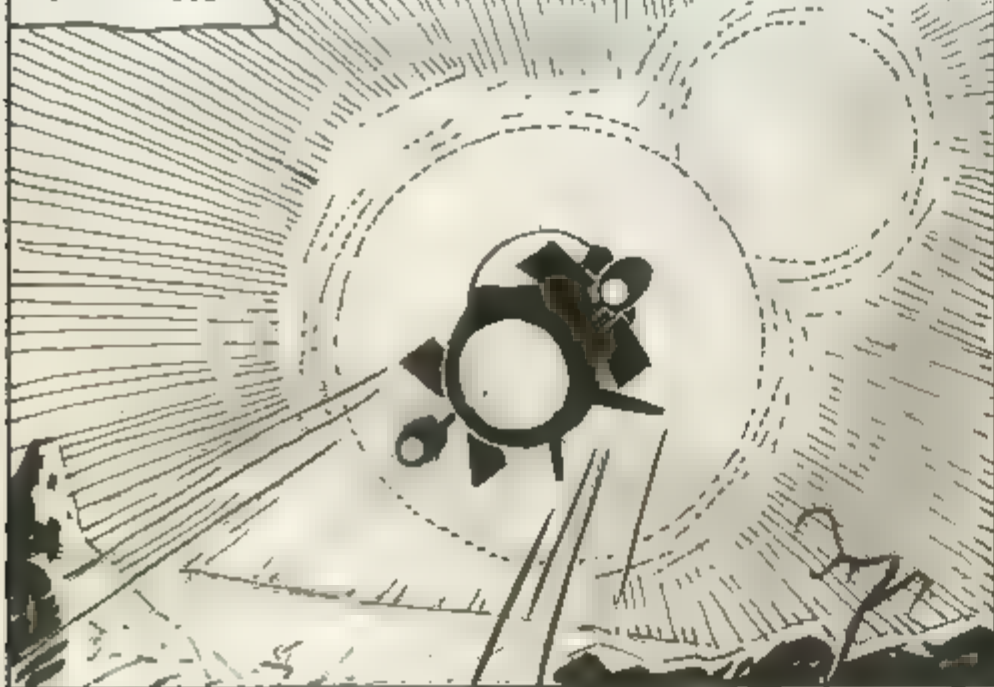
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A LONE HUNTRESS IN A HOSTILE WORLD MUST MOVE CAUTIOUSLY ... AND CONSTANTLY. DISCOVERY MEANS DESTRUCTION. YOU FIND YOURSELF IN AN AIRLINER, MOVING THROUGH A STORM...

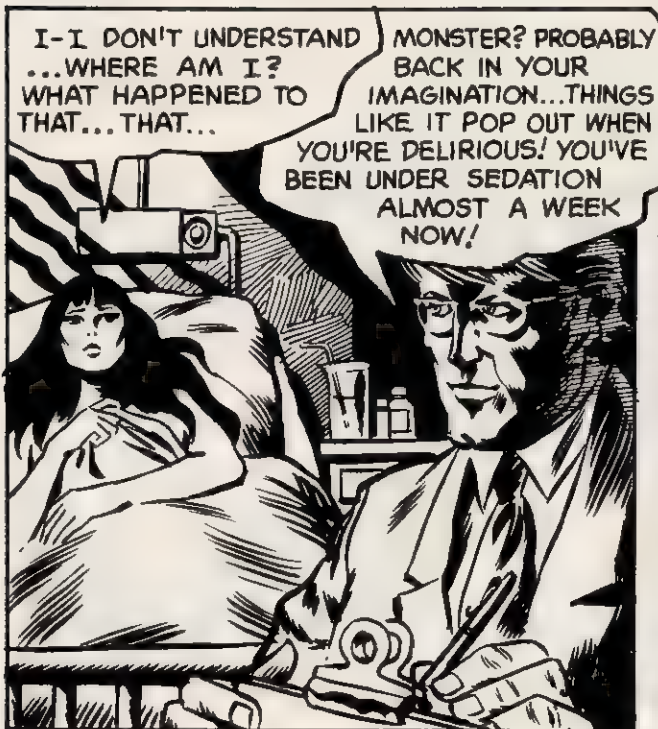


... AND INTO DESTRUCTION YOU COULD NOT PREPARE FOR!

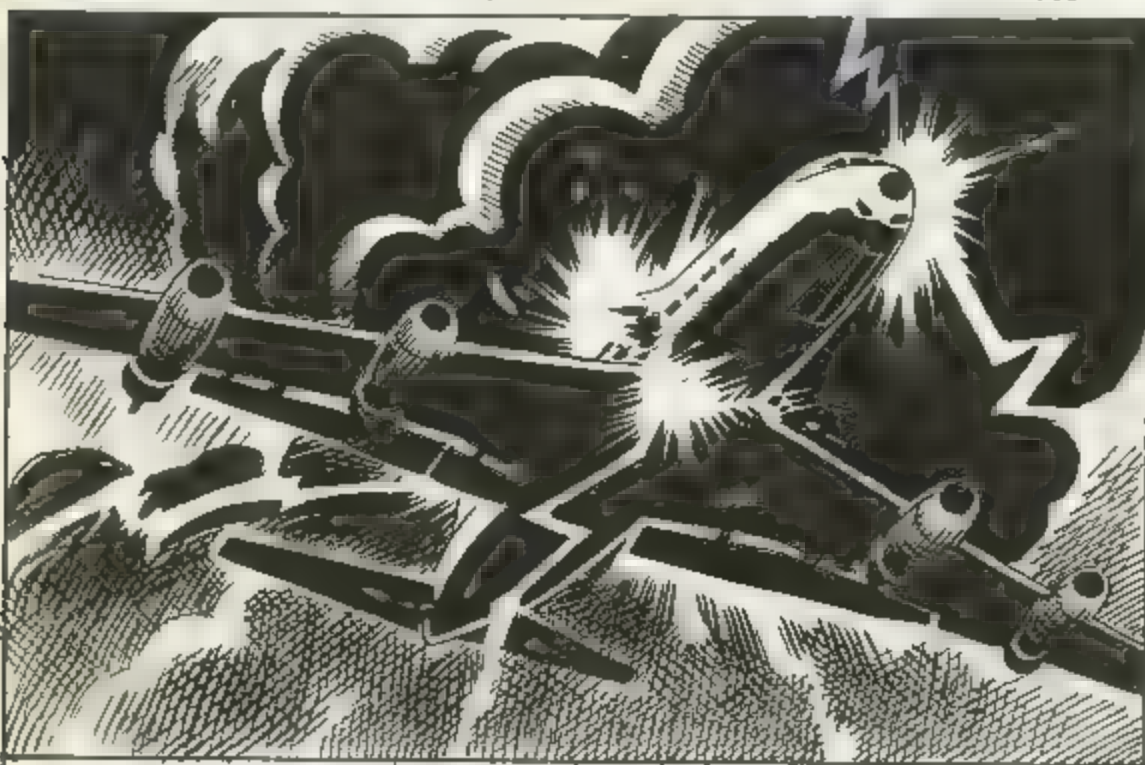
EXPERIENCE IT AGAIN, VAMPIRELLA, THE EXPLOSIVE THRUST INTO SPACE. PAIN AS FLYING DEBRIS BATTERS YOU. PLUNGING TOWARD JAGGED MOUNTAIN PEAKS. FIGHTING TO BRING YOUR WINGS INTO PLAY. FALLING...



NEXT YOU ARE WALKING THROUGH SNOW, FEELING BITING WIND, BITTER COLD, MOVING TOWARD THE END OF THE DREAM, MOVING TOWARD WAITING HORROR, MOVING TOWARD...



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MM MONSTER!

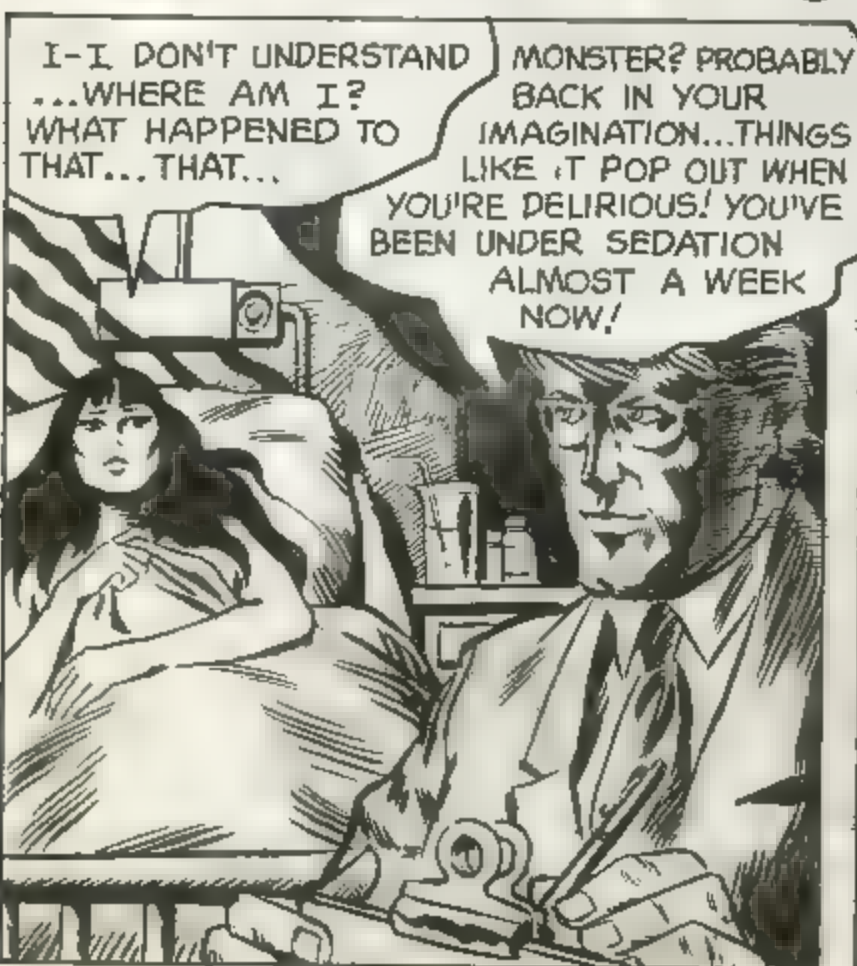
NNNNNN



DON'T TOUCH ME...



D. DON'T OH!



I-I DON'T UNDERSTAND ... WHERE AM I? WHAT HAPPENED TO THAT... THAT...

MONSTER? PROBABLY BACK IN YOUR IMAGINATION... THINGS LIKE IT POP OUT WHEN YOU'RE DELIRIOUS! YOU'VE BEEN UNDER SEDATION ALMOST A WEEK NOW!



I'M TYLER WESTRON. YOU'VE STUMBLED INTO MY RETREAT FOR THE NERVOUS RICH...

MY GUESTS SOAK UP SCENERY AND SOLITUDE WHILE I DISPENSE THE PROPER PILLS AND BEDSIDE MANNER! UNINSPIRING, BUT LUCRATIVE!

YOU'RE MY FIRST REAL CHALLENGE SINCE BEING VOTED MOST LIKELY TO SUCCEED BY MY CLASS AT MEDICAL SCHOOL!

CONSIDERING THAT OUT-FIT YOU WERE WEARING AND THE LENGTH OF TIME YOU MUST HAVE BEEN OUTSIDE, YOU SHOULD HAVE **FROZEN** TO DEATH! THAT'S NOT EVEN **COUNTING** YOUR INJURIES...



BUT THEN YOU CAN'T JUDGE SOMEONE FROM AN ALIEN PLANET BY EARTH'S STANDARDS, **CAN** YOU, VAMPIRELLA?

I'M AFRAID YOU DID QUITE A LOT OF **TALKING** UNDER SEDATION ...



NO! CAN'T LET MYSELF BE CAPTURED... NOT BY **THEM!** NOT AFTER ALL I'VE DONE...!

WAIT, YOU LITTLE FOOL! **STOP!**



GET BACK! YOU'LL BREAK YOUR NECK! YOU CAN'T **FLY** ANYMORE...

I HAD TO **AMPUTATE** YOUR WINGS!



WITH THE INJURIES YOU HAD THERE WAS NO OTHER WAY I COULD **SAVE** YOU! I'M SORRY, BUT...

YOU **MUTILATED** ME! I SENSED HUMANS WOULD HATE ANYTHING DIFFERENT FROM THEM, KNEW THEY MIGHT KILL ME IF I WAS CAUGHT... BUT I DIDN'T THINK THEIR CRUELTY COULD GO **THIS** FAR!



NO! NOT ALL HUMANS ARE LIKE YOU THINK! I **UNDERSTAND**... I WANT TO **HELP** YOU, VAMPIRELLA! LISTEN TO ME--

DOCTOR!

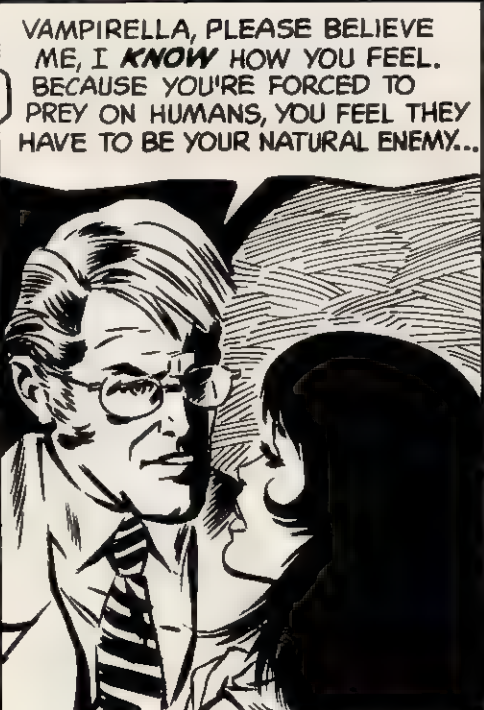






LENORE! I'VE TOLD YOU I'M NEVER TO BE DISTURBED WHILE IN HERE!

YOU'RE LATE FOR YOUR ROUNDS, DOCTOR. THE OTHER PATIENTS ARE GRUMBLING...

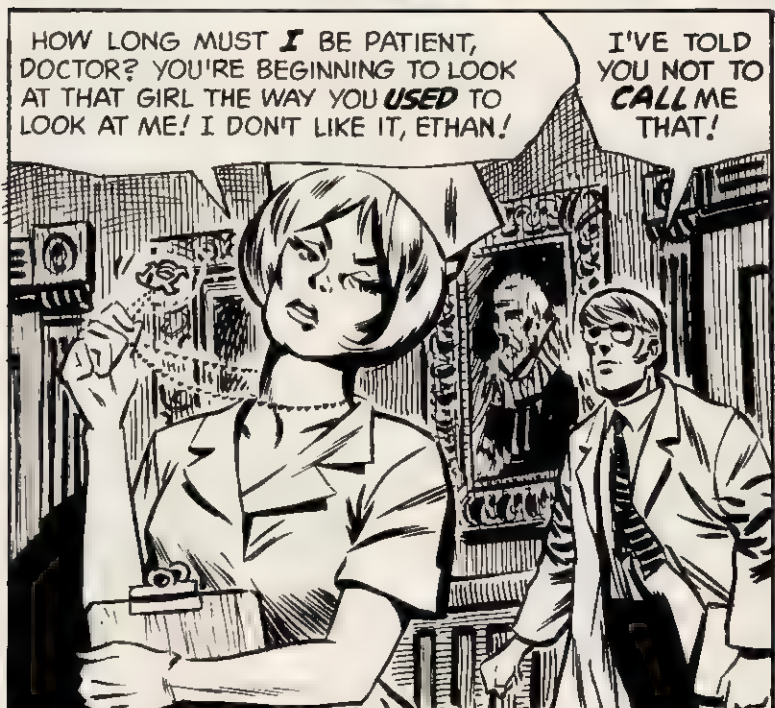


VAMPIRELLA, PLEASE BELIEVE ME, I **KNOW** HOW YOU FEEL. BECAUSE YOU'RE FORCED TO PREY ON HUMANS, YOU FEEL THEY HAVE TO BE YOUR NATURAL ENEMY...



I'M WORKING ON SOMETHING TO **CHANGE** ALL THAT! YOU'RE SAFE FROM THE AUTHORITIES HERE... JUST PROMISE YOU'LL BE PATIENT UNTIL I'M READY!

I...I PROMISE.



HOW LONG MUST **I** BE PATIENT, DOCTOR? YOU'RE BEGINNING TO LOOK AT THAT GIRL THE WAY YOU **USED** TO LOOK AT ME! I DON'T LIKE IT, ETHAN!

I'VE TOLD YOU NOT TO **CALL** ME THAT!



I'VE EXPLAINED MY INTERESTS IN VAMPIRELLA, LENORE.

I THINK YOUR "INTERESTS" ARE WIDENING, **TYLER** DARLING! THAT GIRL COULD BE DANGEROUS AND YOU'RE WASTING **TIME** ON HER!

HOW DARE YOU DOUBT ME?



I'D HATE TO THINK YOU'D FORGOTTEN HOW MUCH YOU **OWE** ME, MY LOVE!

AND I'M NOT THE **ONLY** ONE YOU'RE IN DEBT TO...



I WAS RIGHT TO FOLLOW. DR. WESTON SEEMS SINCERE, BUT THAT NURSE... SHE HAS SOME SORT OF **HOLD** OVER HIM!

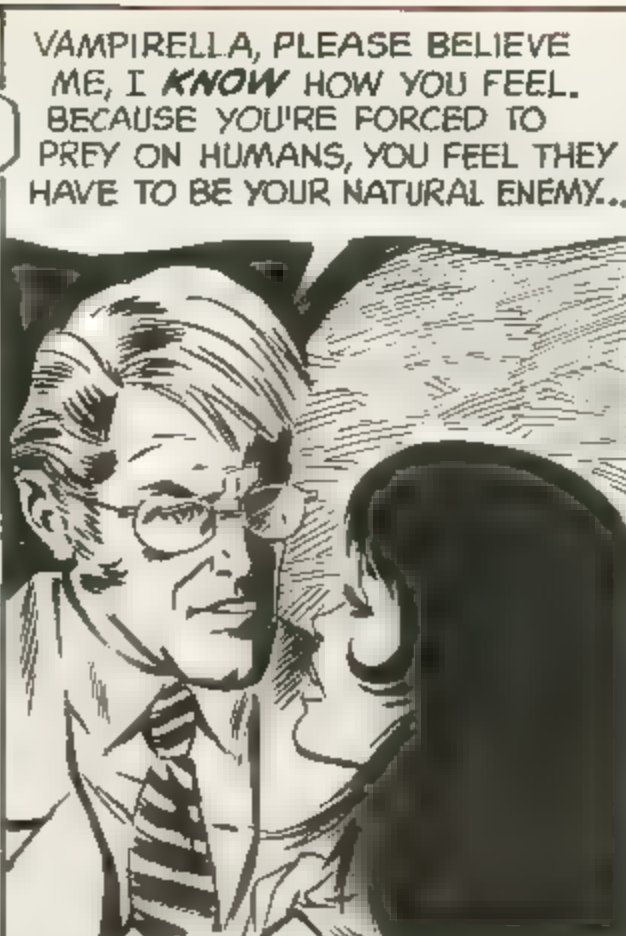
IF SOMETHING'S **WRONG** HERE, I NEED THEM MORE THAN EVER!

I'VE GOT TO REST, RECUPERATE UNTIL I REGAIN MY STRENGTH AND POWERS...

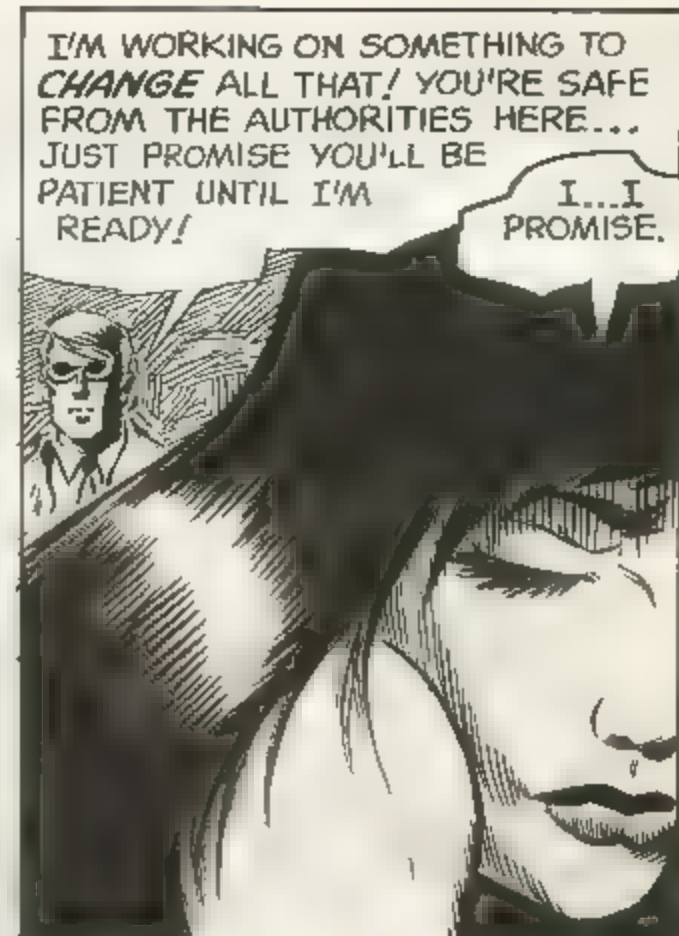


LENORE! I'VE TOLD YOU I'M NEVER TO BE DISTURBED WHILE IN HERE!

YOU'RE LATE FOR YOUR ROUNDS, DOCTOR. THE OTHER PATIENTS ARE GRUMBLING...



VAMPIRELLA, PLEASE BELIEVE ME, I *KNOW* HOW YOU FEEL. BECAUSE YOU'RE FORCED TO PREY ON HUMANS, YOU FEEL THEY HAVE TO BE YOUR NATURAL ENEMY...



I'M WORKING ON SOMETHING TO *CHANGE* ALL THAT! YOU'RE SAFE FROM THE AUTHORITIES HERE... JUST PROMISE YOU'LL BE PATIENT UNTIL I'M READY!

I...I PROMISE.



HOW LONG MUST *I* BE PATIENT, DOCTOR? YOU'RE BEGINNING TO LOOK AT THAT GIRL THE WAY YOU *USED* TO LOOK AT ME! I DON'T LIKE IT, ETHAN!

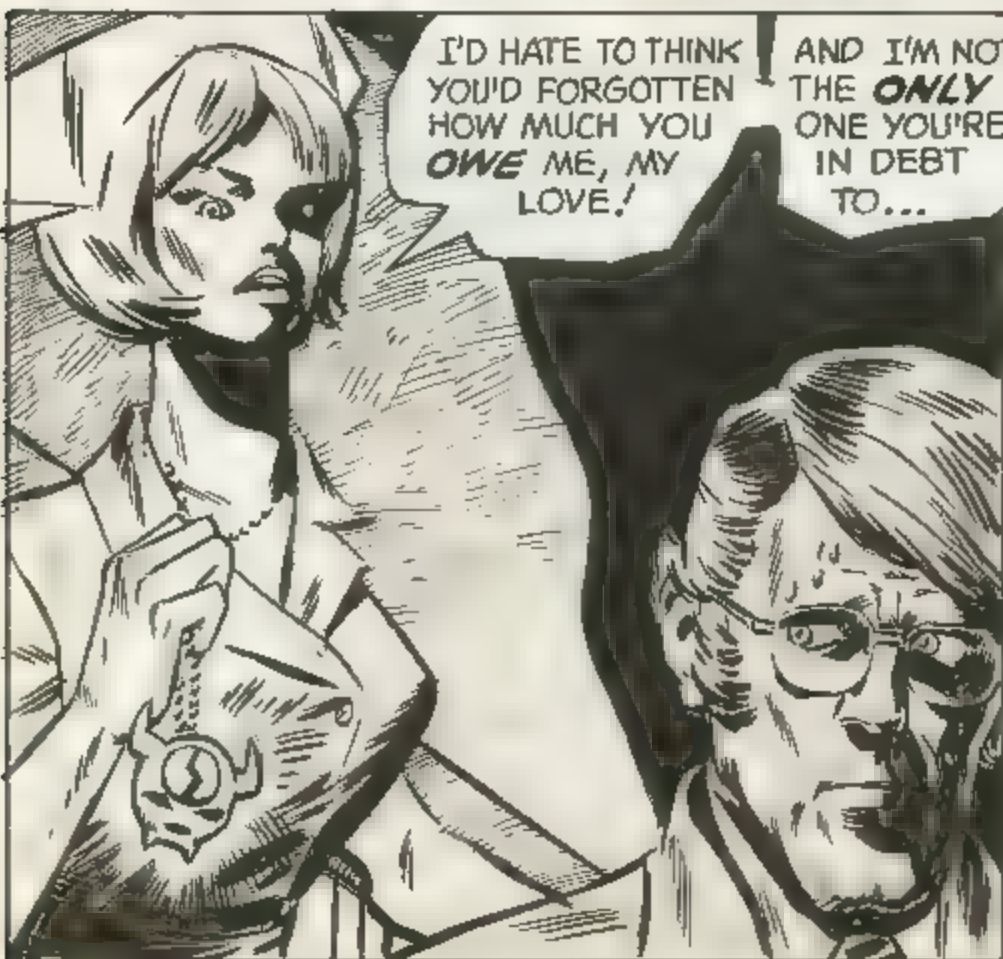
I'VE TOLD YOU NOT TO *CALL* ME THAT!



I'VE EXPLAINED MY INTERESTS IN VAMPIRELLA, LENORE.

I THINK YOUR "INTERESTS" ARE WIDENING, *TYLER* DARLING! THAT GIRL COULD BE DANGEROUS AND YOU'RE WASTING *TIME* ON HER!

HOW DARE YOU DOUBT ME?



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AND I'M NOT THE *ONLY* ONE YOU'RE IN DEBT TO...

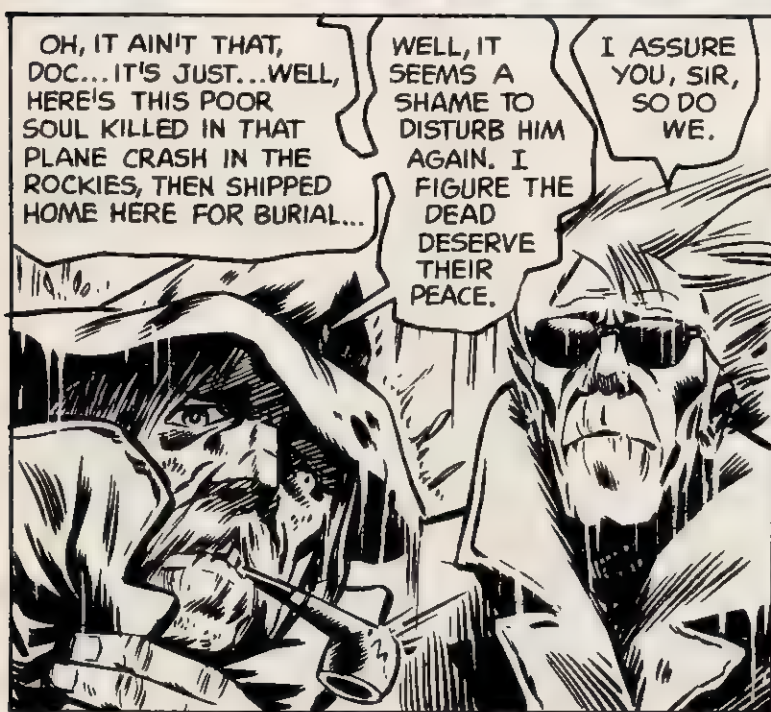


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AND FAR FROM THE ISOLATED WINTER LODGE, *OTHER* EVENTS ARE FORMING THAT WILL IN TIME TOUCH THE GIRL OF DRAKULON. FOR AS THE HALF-LIGHT OF DUSK SETTLES GROOMILY OVER A GRAVEYARD IN RURAL MICHIGAN...

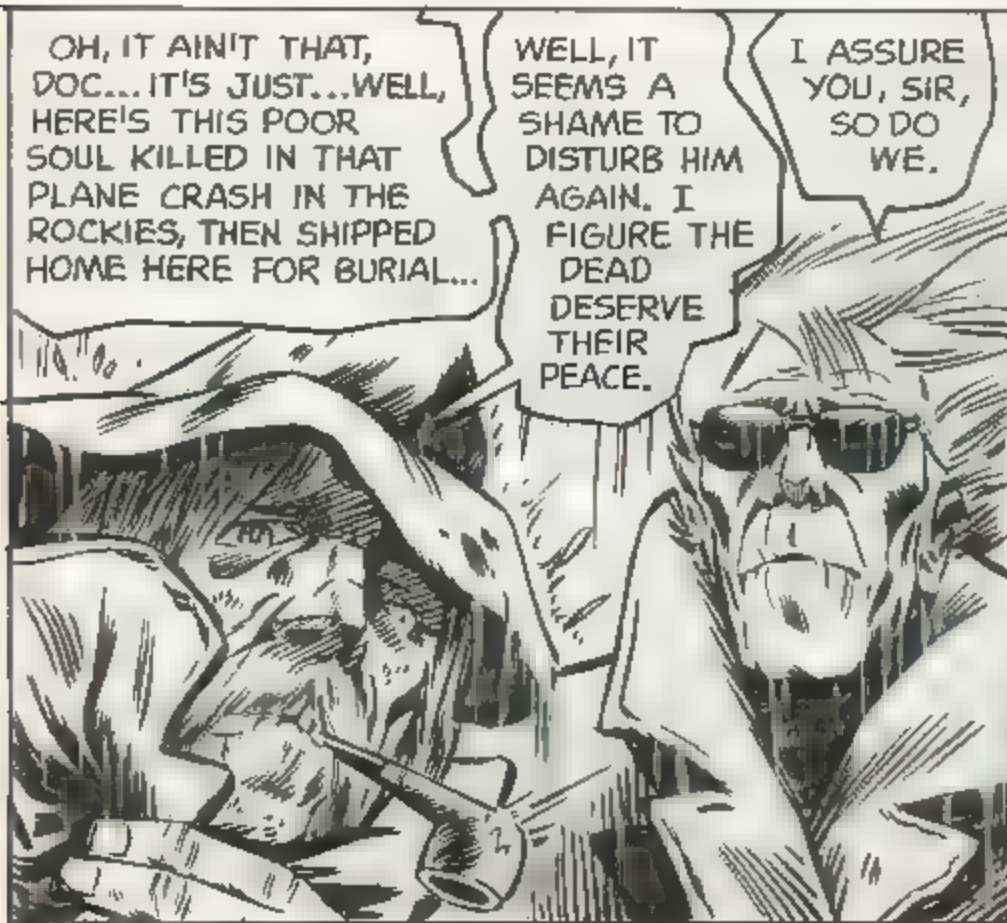


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THERE YA ARE, GENTS. BUT I STILL DON'T LIKE THE WHOLE BUSINESS!

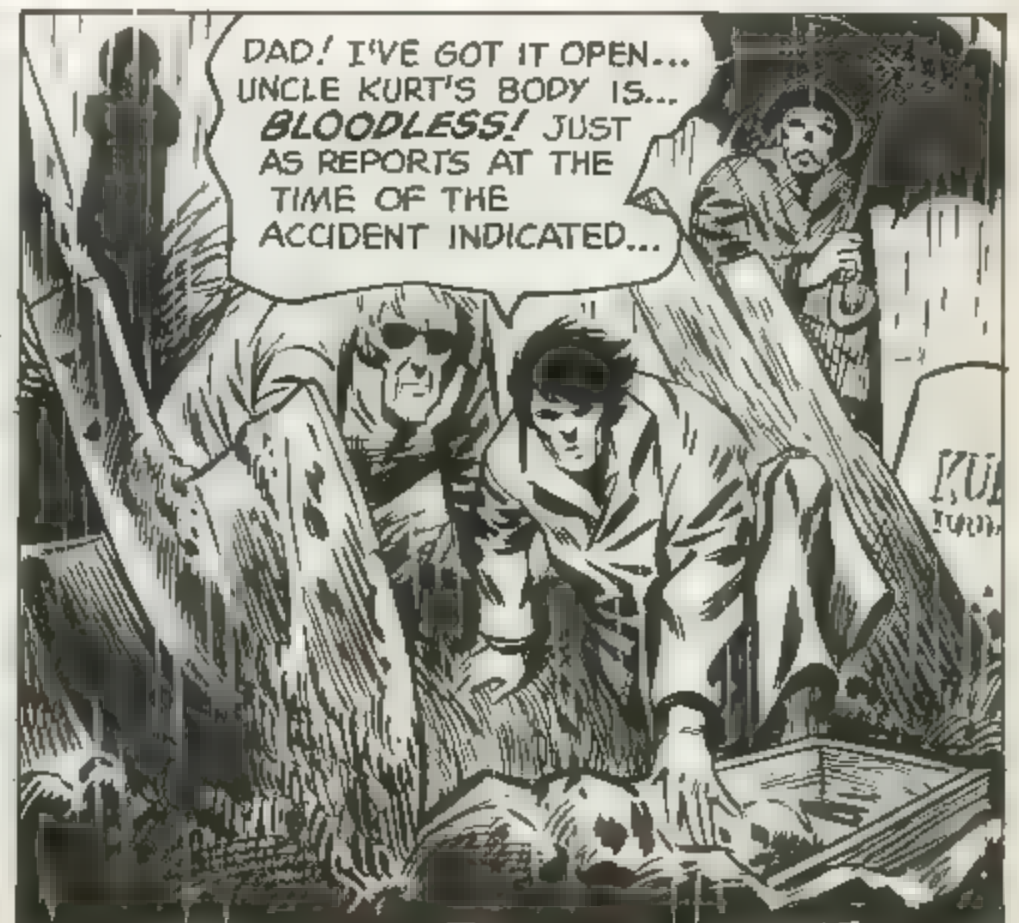
YOU'VE SEEN THE PAPERS FROM THE CORONER'S OFFICE, AND MY OWN CREDENTIALS AS **CONRAD VAN HELSING**, BROTHER OF THE DECEASED...



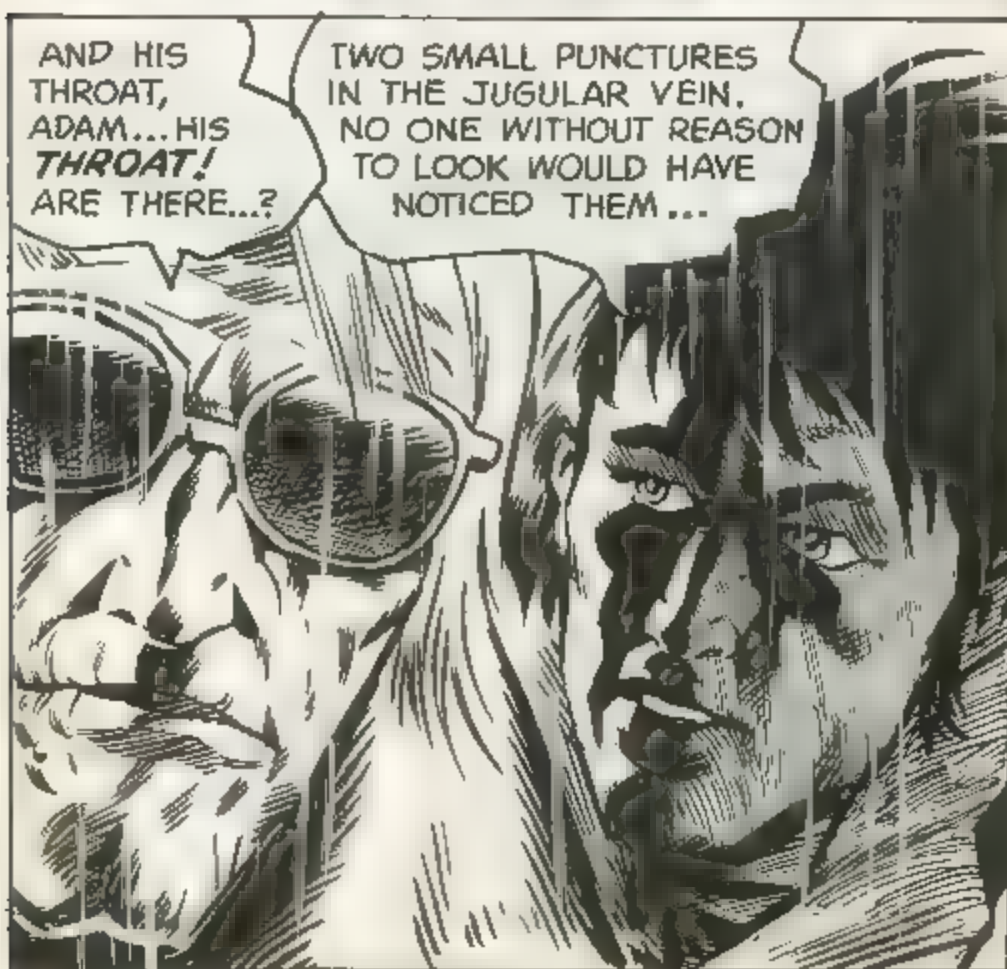
OH, IT AIN'T THAT, DOC...IT'S JUST...WELL, HERE'S THIS POOR SOUL KILLED IN THAT PLANE CRASH IN THE ROCKIES, THEN SHIPPED HOME HERE FOR BURIAL...

WELL, IT SEEMS A SHAME TO DISTURB HIM AGAIN. I FIGURE THE DEAD DESERVE THEIR PEACE.

I ASSURE YOU, SIR, SO DO WE.



DAD! I'VE GOT IT OPEN... UNCLE KURT'S BODY IS... **BLOODLESS!** JUST AS REPORTS AT THE TIME OF THE ACCIDENT INDICATED...

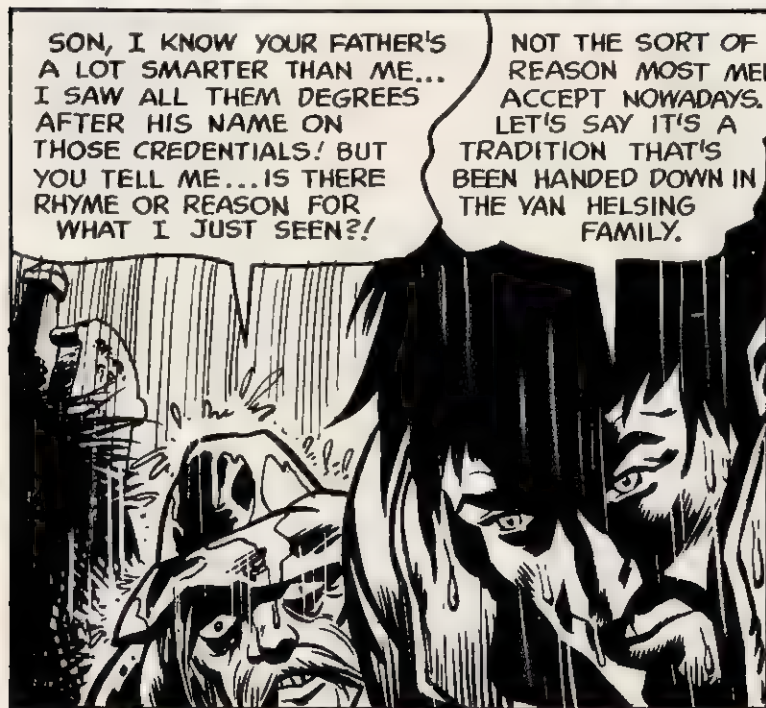


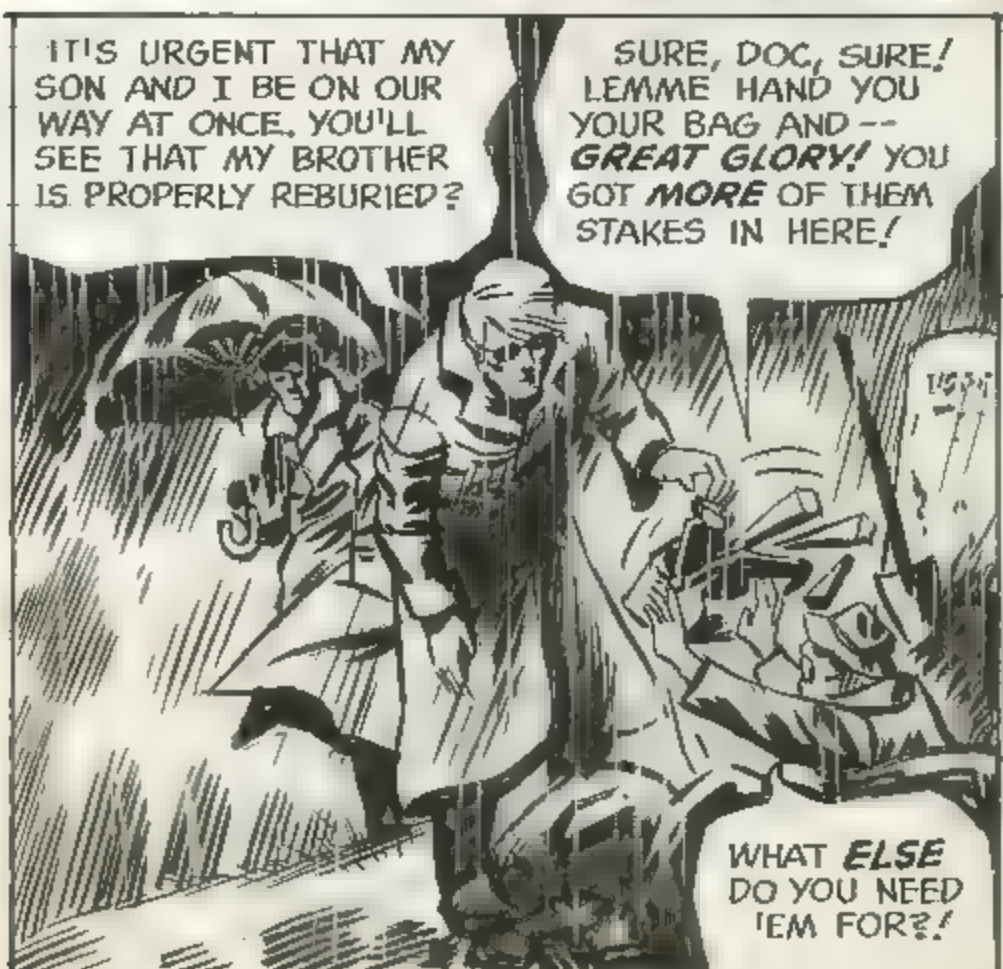
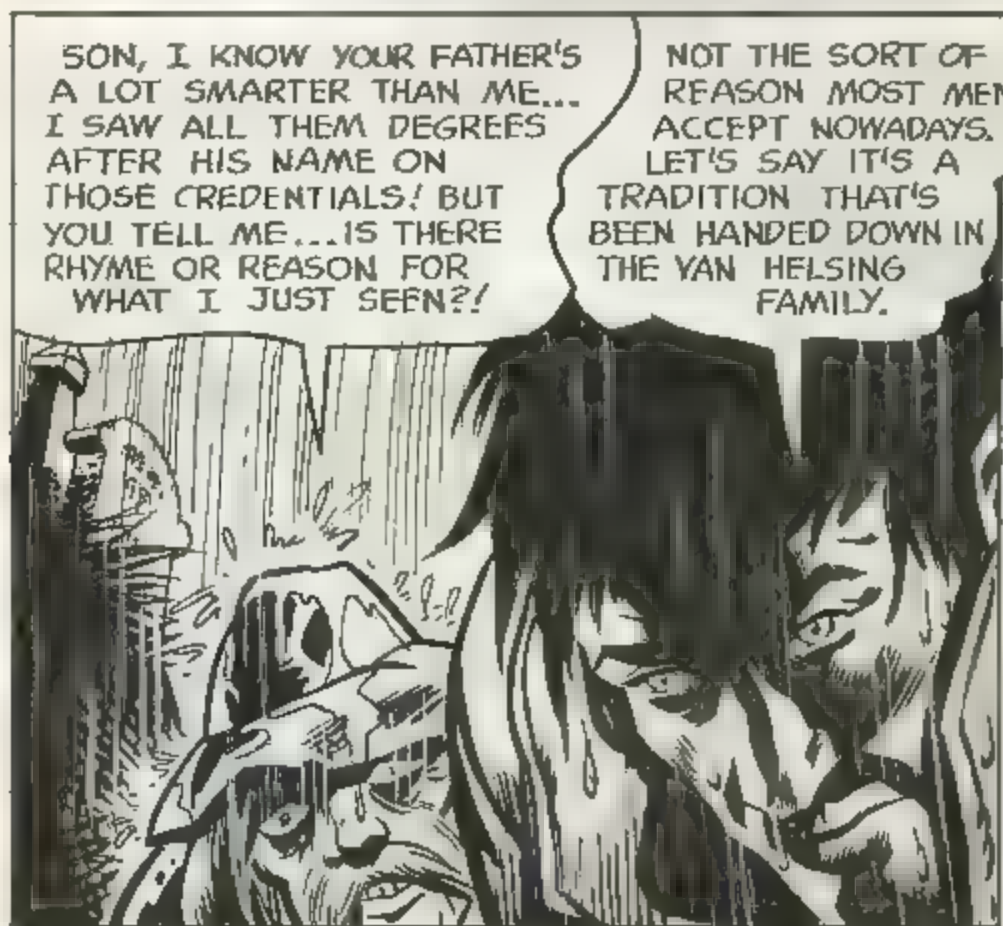
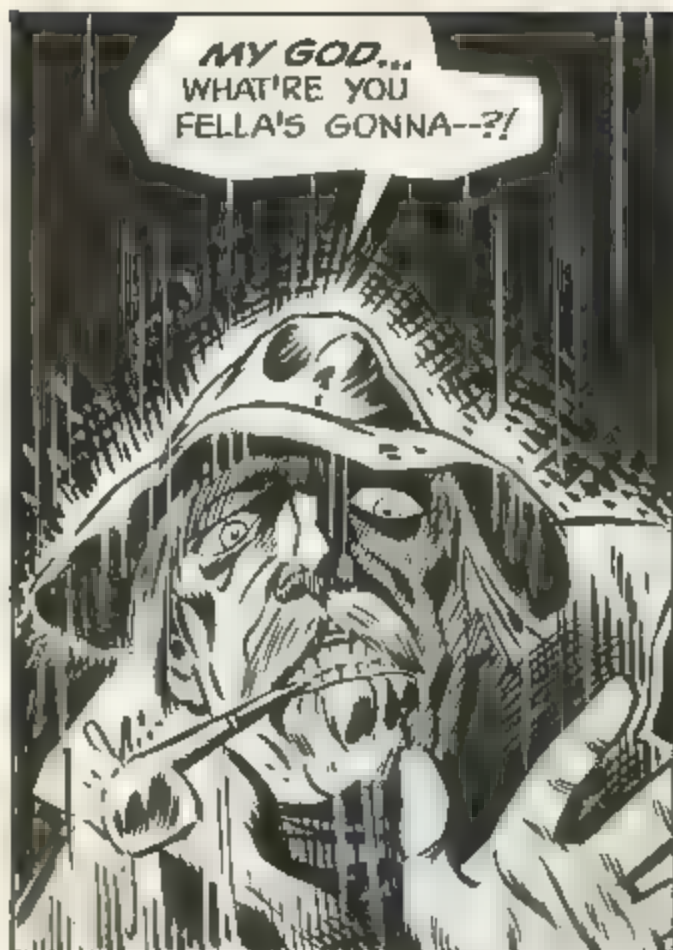
AND HIS THROAT, ADAM...HIS **THROAT!** ARE THERE...?

TWO SMALL PUNCTURES IN THE JUGULAR VEIN. NO ONE WITHOUT REASON TO LOOK WOULD HAVE NOTICED THEM...



THEN THERE IS BUT ONE THING TO BE DONE!







SOMEONE'S **BREAKING IN...** FORCING THE DOOR! GOT TO PROTECT MYSELF... STILL NOT STRONG ENOUGH FOR FIGHTING, BUT...

MY ABILITY TO TAKE **BAT FORM!** GOT TO TRY IT... MUST MAKE IT **WORK!**



BUT WEAKNESS STILL BINDS THE POWERS OF THE GIRL FROM DRAKULON! WOOD SPLINTERS AND BREAKS; LIGHT FROM THE HALL SPLASHES INTO THE ROOM... AND A GROTESQUE SHADOW PLUNGES TOWARD VAMPIRELLA!



NO! IT'S NOT MY IMAGINATION...IT'S **HIM!**
THE MONSTER!
MONSTER!

TYLER!
HELP ME!

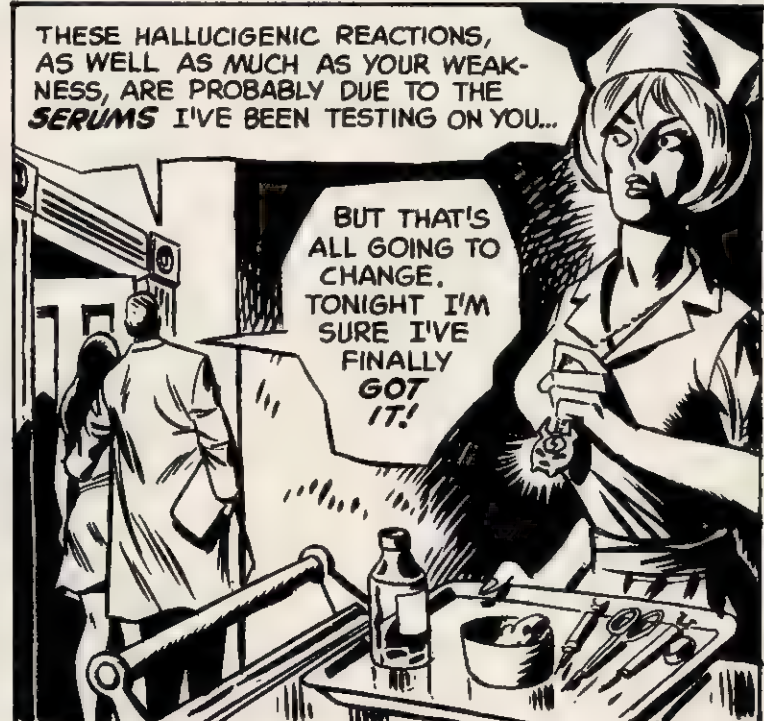
VAMPIRELLA'S THOUGHTS SHATTER INTO KALEIDOSCOPIC FRAGMENTS; VOICES SHOUTING, RUNNING FEET, HALF-ANIMAL SNARLS, GRUNTING, STRUGGLING...AND SUDDENLY, TYLER WESTRON IS LEANING CLOSE, SMILING AND REASSURING.

TYLER! IT WAS **REAL...** THAT **T-THING** WAS REAL!

NO. IT ONLY **SEEMED** THAT WAY. ONE OF THE PATIENTS GOT A LITTLE **VIOLENT** TONIGHT...WHAT YOU SAW WAS HIM.



THESE HALLUCIGENIC REACTIONS, AS WELL AS MUCH AS YOUR WEAKNESS, ARE PROBABLY DUE TO THE **SERUMS** I'VE BEEN TESTING ON YOU...

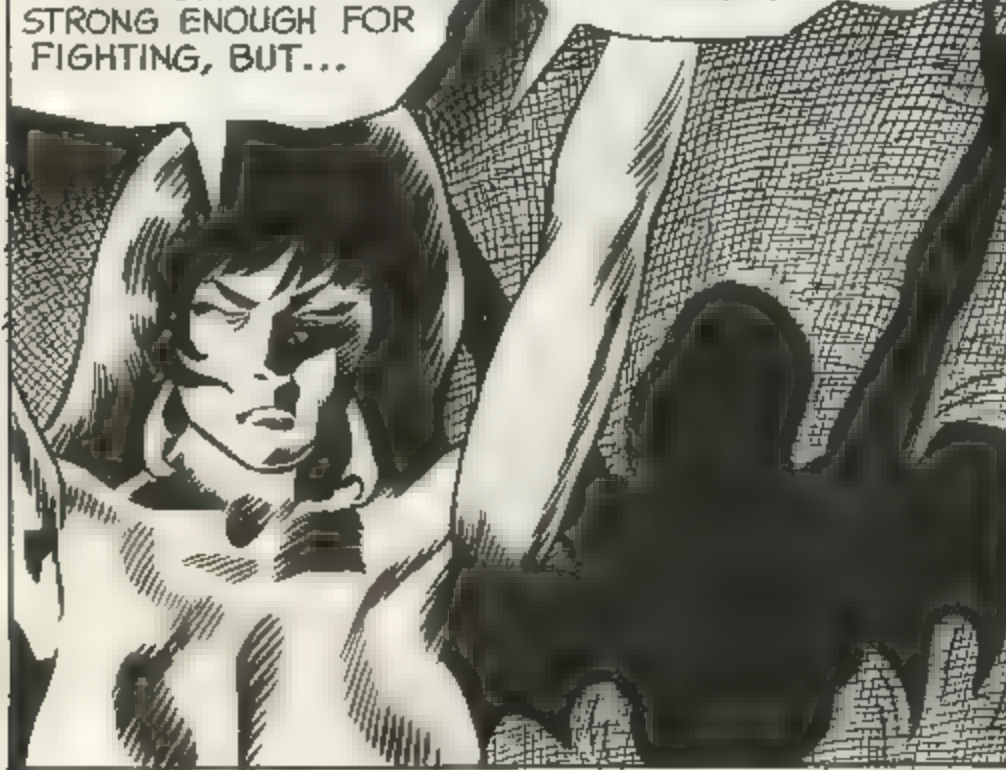


BUT THAT'S ALL GOING TO CHANGE. TONIGHT I'M SURE I'VE FINALLY **GOT IT!**



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ANOTHER SERUM, TYLER?
WHAT'S THE USE...? I
AM WHAT I AM, YOU
CAN'T CHANGE ME! I
NEED BLOOD... **HUMAN**
BLOOD... TO SURVIVE,
NOT SOME SUBSTITUTE!

SCIENCE HAS ALREADY
PRODUCED **ARTIFICIAL**
HEMOGLOBIN,
VAMPIRELLA... THIS
FORMULA GOES SEVERAL
STEPS **BEYOND** THAT!
TRUST THE OL'
MAD DOCTOR!

IF THIS WORKS AS I THINK
IT'S GOING TO, YOU'LL BE
FREE TO LEAD A **NORMAL**
LIFE ON EARTH! ONE DOSAGE
EACH 24 HOURS AND YOU'LL
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ANOTHER HUMAN BEING...

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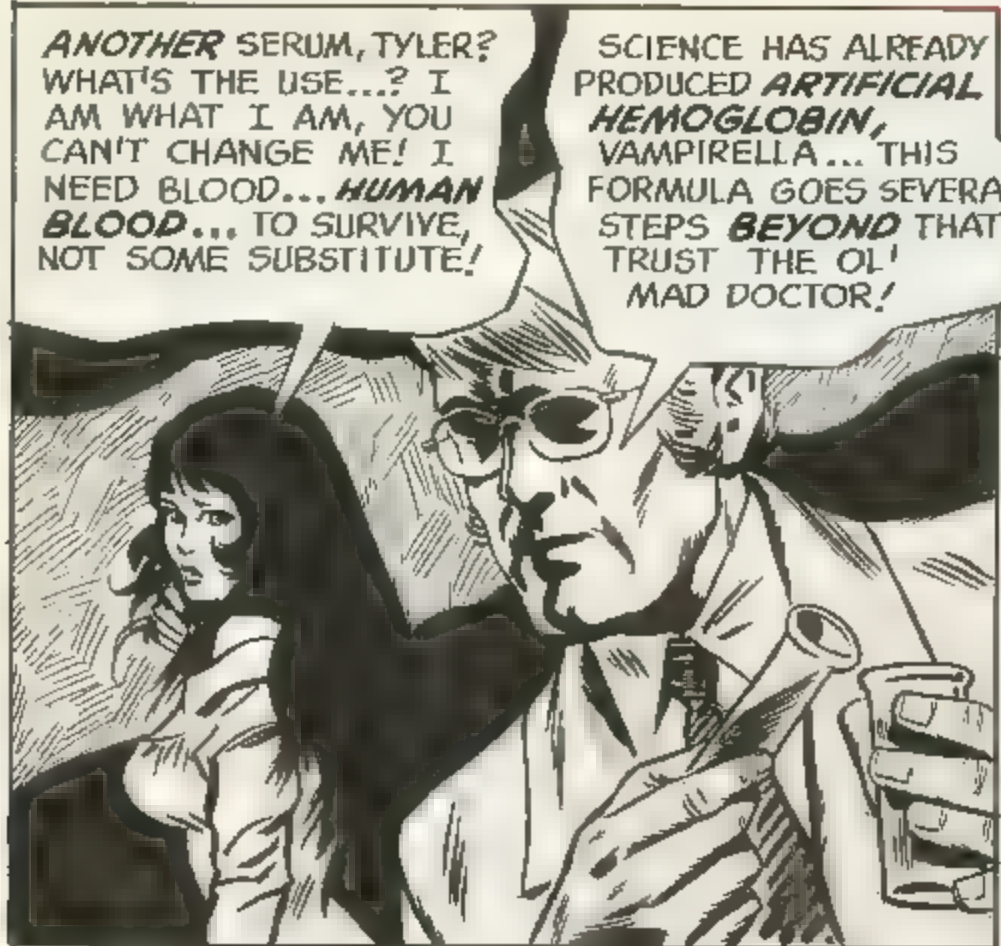
TYLER! YOU'VE
SHARED
BLOOD WITH
ME...?

OF COURSE! WE
KEEP A VERY
SMALL SUPPLY
OF PLASMA, SO I--

TO SHARE BLOOD IS THE MOST
INTIMATE OF RITUALS ON
DRAKULON! IT'S USUALLY
ONLY PERFORMED IN THE
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OR TO ESTABLISH A BOND
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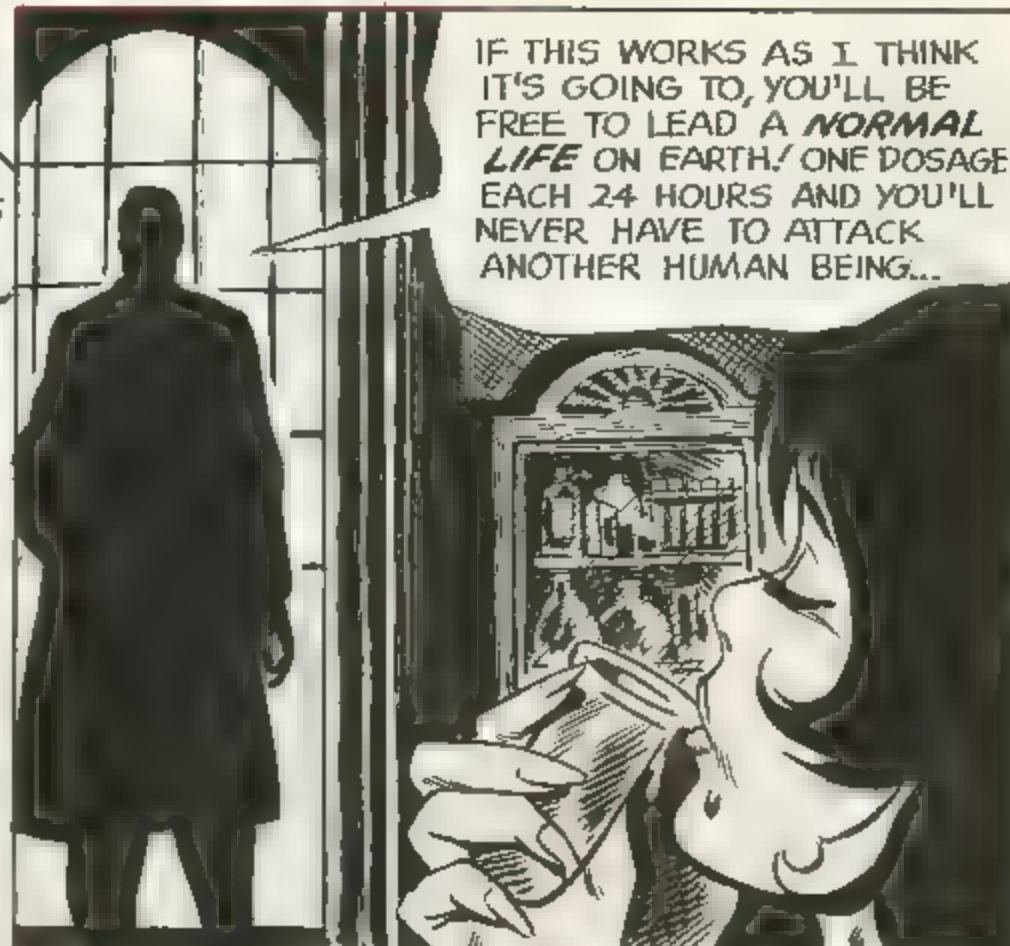
I'M NOT
ABOUT TO
KNOCK AN
OLD
DRAKULONIAN
CUSTOM....!

JUST
AS I
THOUGHT!

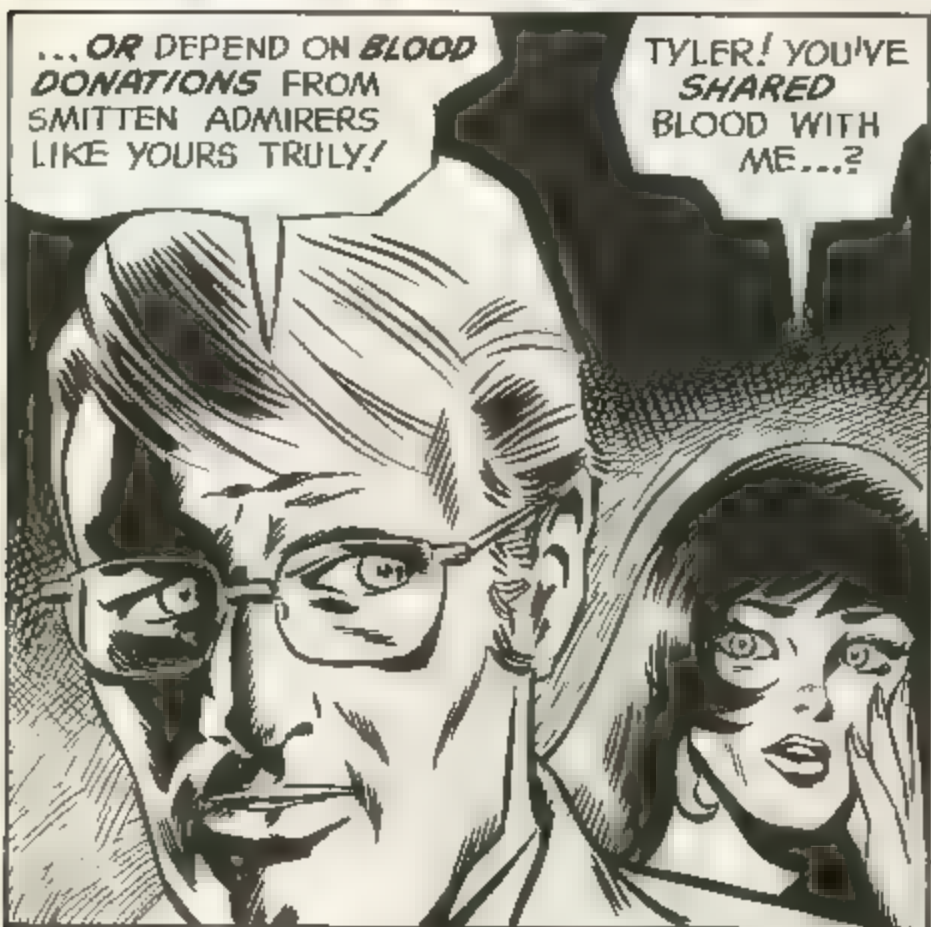


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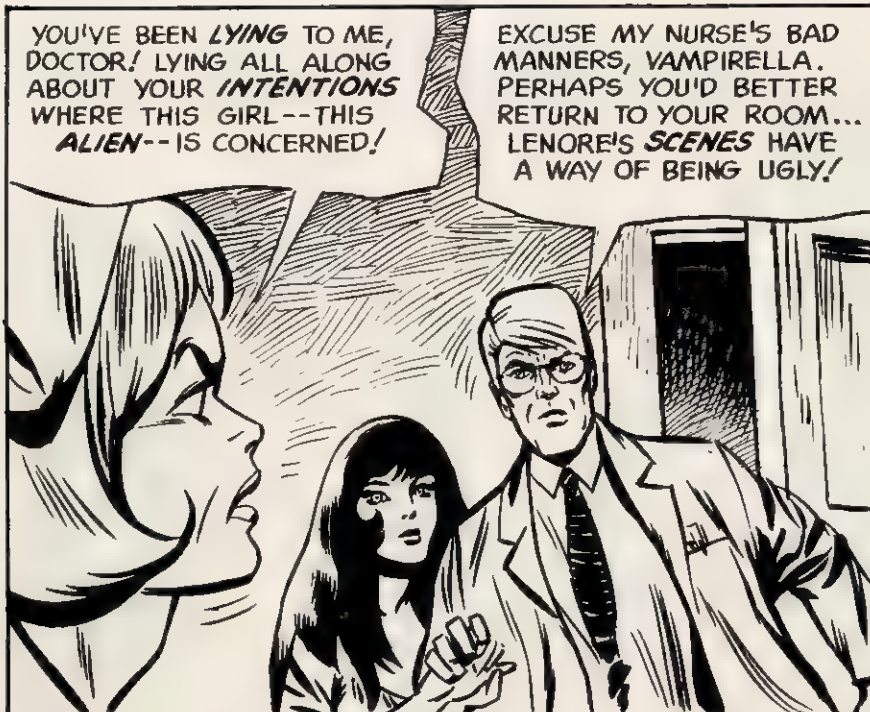
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YOU'VE BEEN *LYING* TO ME, DOCTOR! LYING ALL ALONG ABOUT YOUR *INTENTIONS* WHERE THIS GIRL--THIS *ALIEN*--IS CONCERNED!

EXCUSE MY NURSE'S BAD MANNERS, VAMPIRELLA. PERHAPS YOU'D BETTER RETURN TO YOUR ROOM... LENORE'S *SCENES* HAVE A WAY OF BEING UGLY!



VERY WISE! YOUR PRECIOUS LITTLE *FREAK* FROM OUTERSPACE MIGHT BE QUITE *SHOCKED* BY WHAT I HAVE TO SAY...!

LENORE... YOU'RE GOING TOO FAR...!

THE VEHEMENT WORDS, THE SEETHING EMOTIONS, FOLLOW VAMPIRELLA LIKE A SPECTER. SLEEP IS OUT OF THE QUESTION. SHE WANDERS THE NIGHT-SHROUDED CORRIDORS OF THE MOUNTAIN LODGE, UNTIL ...



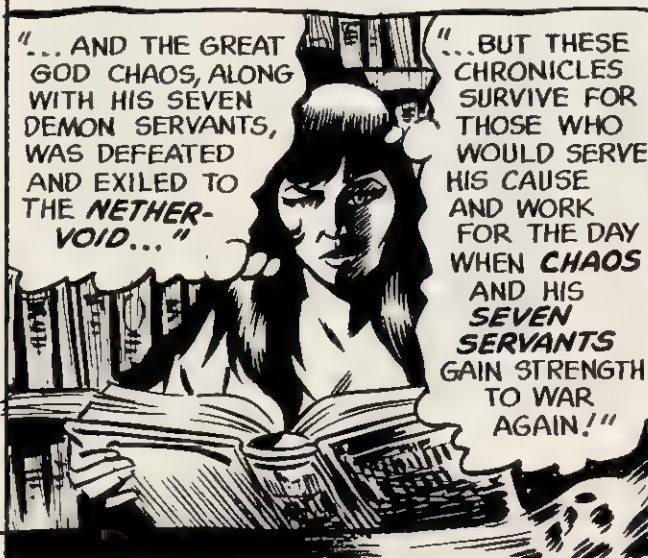
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"THE CRIMSON CHRONICLES..." AND THAT *SYMBOL*-- EXACTLY LIKE THE MEDALLION *LENORE* WEARS!

AND WITHIN THE SHIMMERING PAGES LIE FORBIDDEN LEGENDS OF A TIME BEYOND HISTORY WHEN EARTH WAS A BATTLE-GROUND BETWEEN THE FORCES OF GOOD AND EVIL, ORDER AND CHAOS...



"... AND THE GREAT GOD CHAOS, ALONG WITH HIS SEVEN DEMON SERVANTS, WAS DEFEATED AND EXILED TO THE *NETHER-VOID*..."

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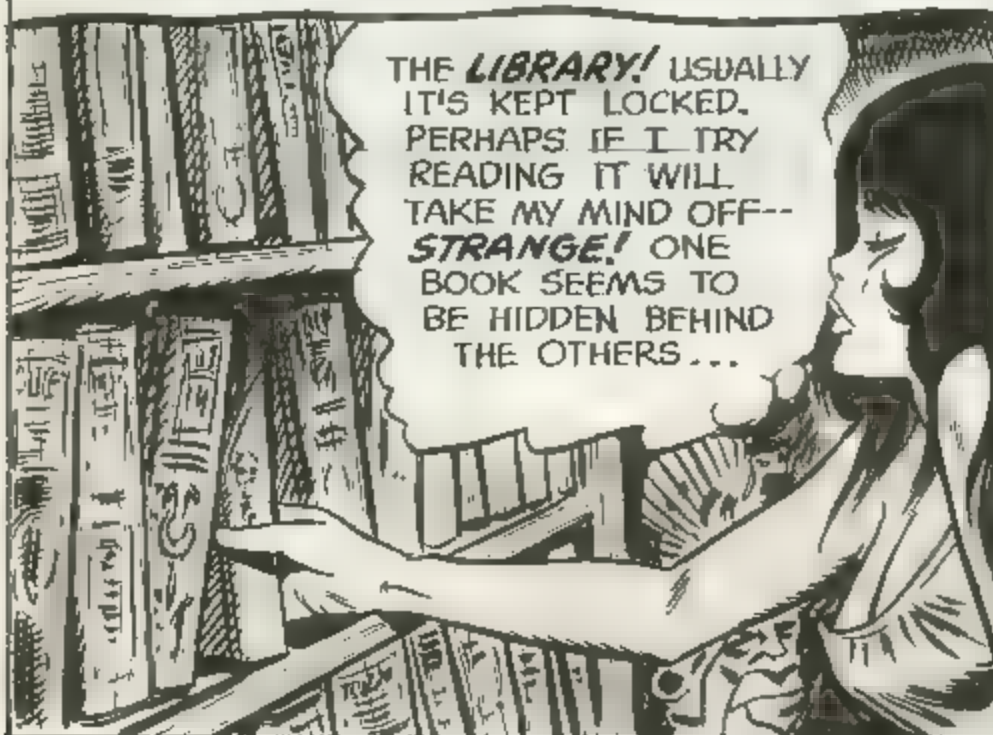
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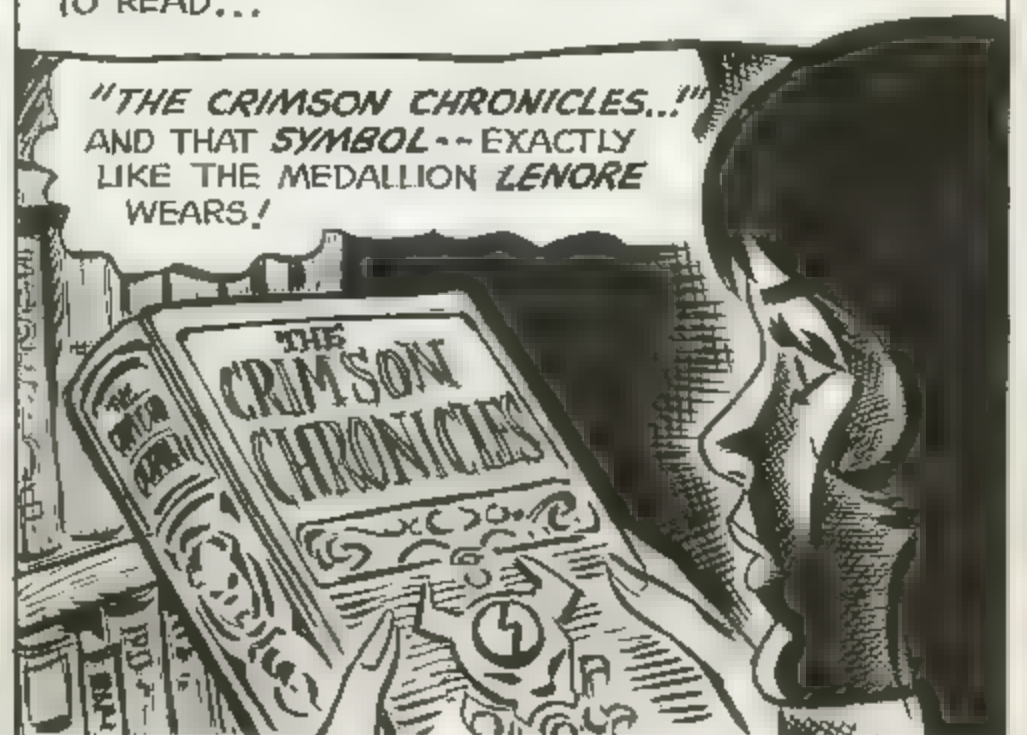
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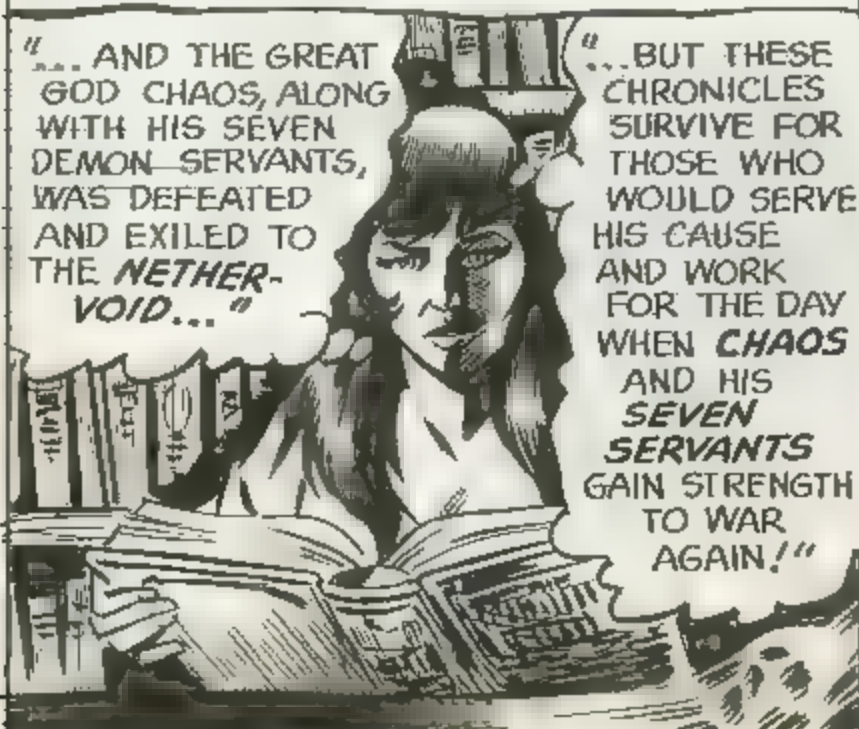
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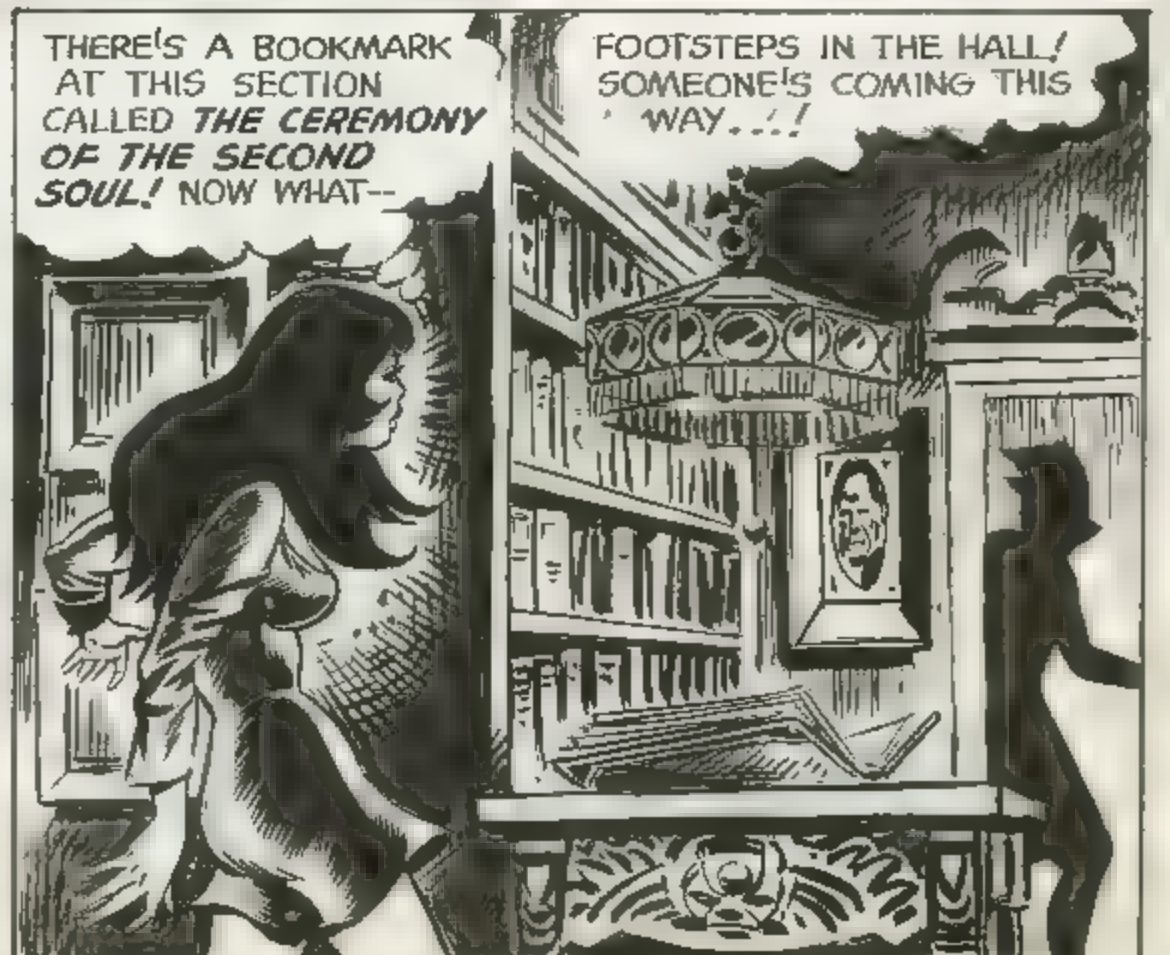
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IT'S SOME SORT OF **PROCESSION**! AND THEY ALL WEAR MEDALLIONS LIKE LENORE'S!

SHE'S USING THIS LODGE AS A COVER FOR A **CULT**... A CULT THAT WORSHIPS THE GODS DESCRIBED IN THAT **BOOK**!



THAT DOOR THEY'RE ENTERING... IT LEADS TO THE **CELLAR**! I'VE GOT TO WARN TYLER, LET HIM KNOW WHAT LENORE'S **DOING**...!



DARLING! I'VE GOT TO TELL YOU WHAT --

--IT'S **EMPTY**... HE'S **GONE**!



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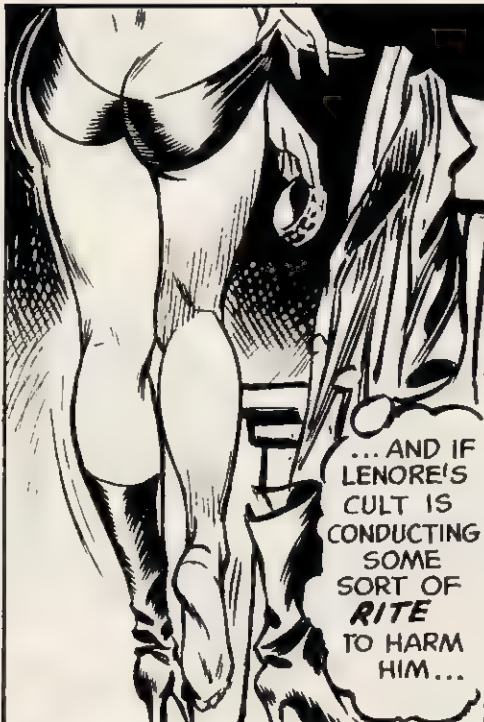
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TYLER'S SERUM IS **WORKING!** I FEEL LIKE MY OLD SELF FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE THE **PLANE CRASH...**



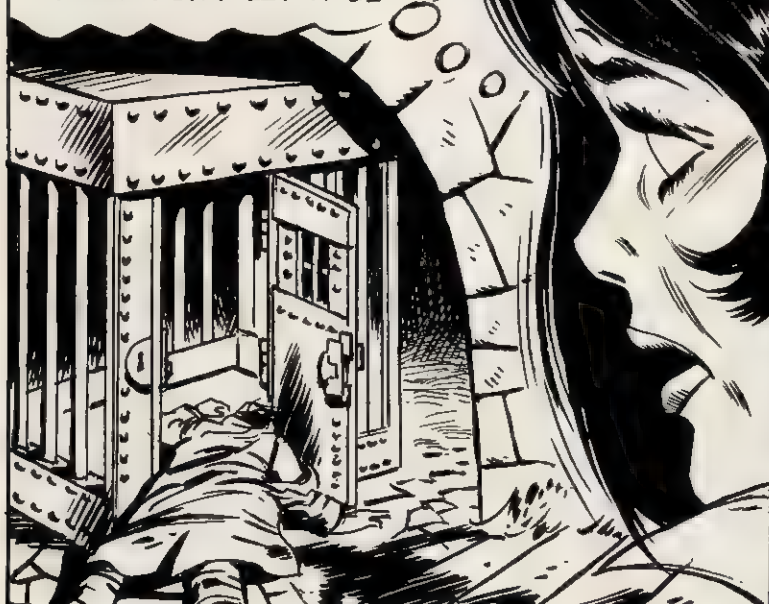
...AND IF LENORE'S CULT IS CONDUCTING SOME SORT OF **RITE** TO HARM HIM...



...I'M GOING TO NEED ALL MY POWERS TO **STOP** THEM!



T-THAT **CAGE!** AND THE FIGURE **INSIDE...**! NO! PLEASE DON'T LET IT BE--



IT'S ONE OF TYLER'S **INTERNS!** S-SOMETHING BROKE OUT OF THIS CAGE... MAULED HIM LIKE A **WILD BEAST** TO ESCAPE... BUT **W-WHAT?!**



AND WHERE DID LENORE AND ALL THOSE OTHERS GO..?

THOSE **CRATES!**



CHANTING! I CAN HEAR CHANTING FAR DOWN BELOW...

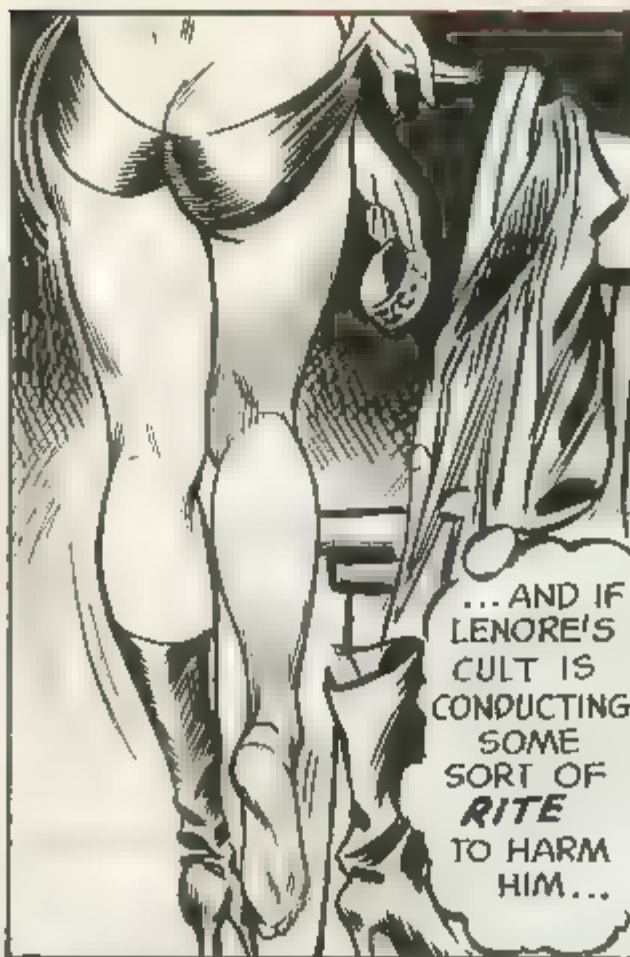


AND VAMPIRELLA DESCENDS NITRATE-ENCRUSTED STAIRS INTO DARKNESS HEAVY WITH DANK, FETID AIRS...





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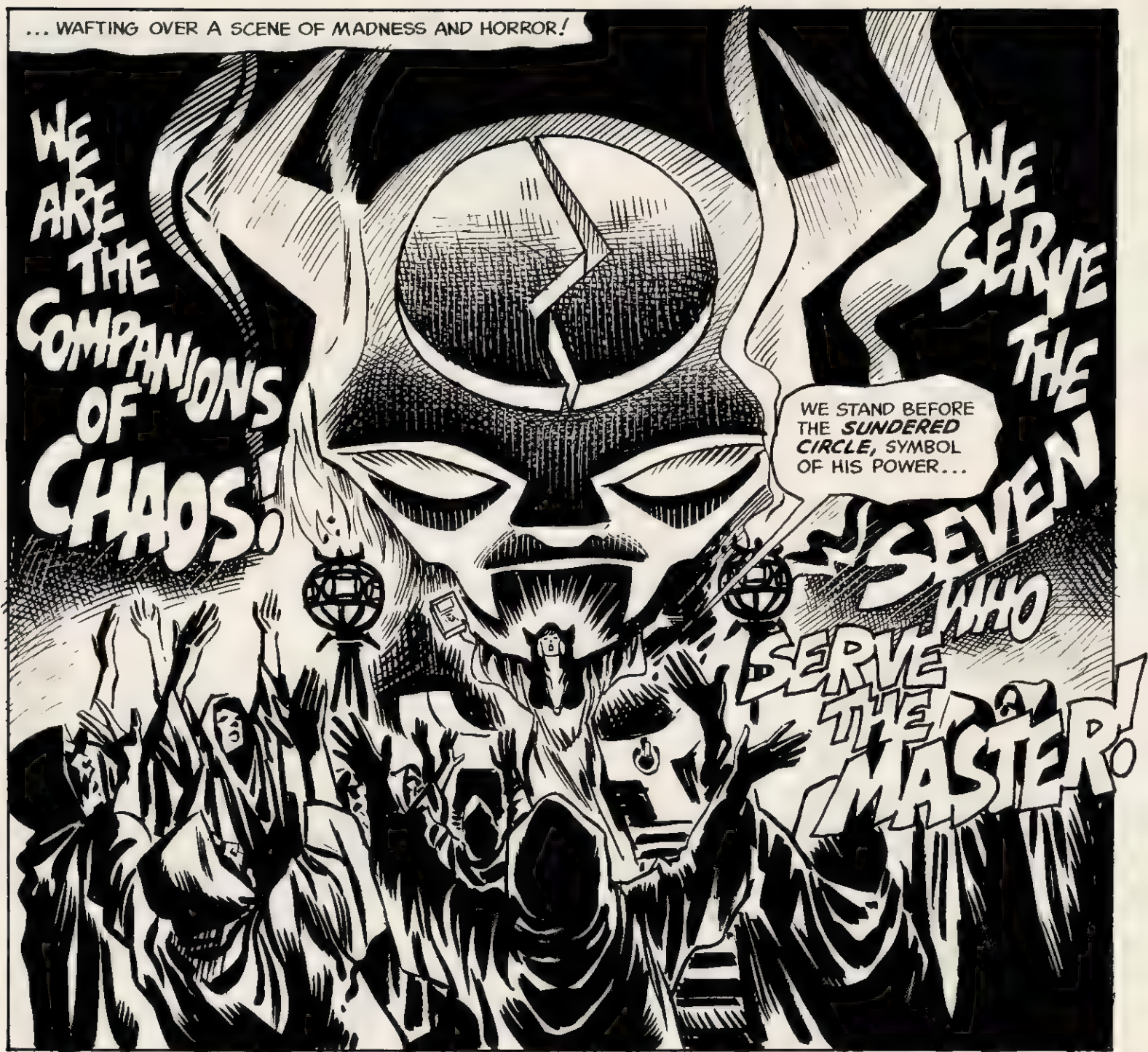


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... WAFTING OVER A SCENE OF MADNESS AND HORROR!



WE
ARE
THE
COMPANIONS
OF
CHAOS!

WE
SERVE
THE
SEVEN

WE STAND BEFORE
THE *SUNDERED*
CIRCLE, SYMBOL
OF HIS POWER...

SEVEN
WHO
SERVE
THE
MASTER!

... SYMBOL
OF *ORDER*
SHATTERED
BY *CHAOS*...

... SYMBOL OF *EARTH*
SPLIT ONCE MORE
WHEN THE *SEVEN*
SERVANTS STALK
AGAIN...

... AS FORETOLD IN THE
BIBLE OF BLOOD, AS
PROMISED BY THE
CRIMSON
CHRONICLES!!



... AND ENGROSSSED BY THE SINISTER SPECTACLE
BEFORE HER, TRANSFIXED BY THE AURORA OF EVIL
IT GENERATES, VAMPIRELLA'S SENSES ARE NUMBED TO...

... WAFTING OVER A SCENE OF MADNESS AND HORROR!



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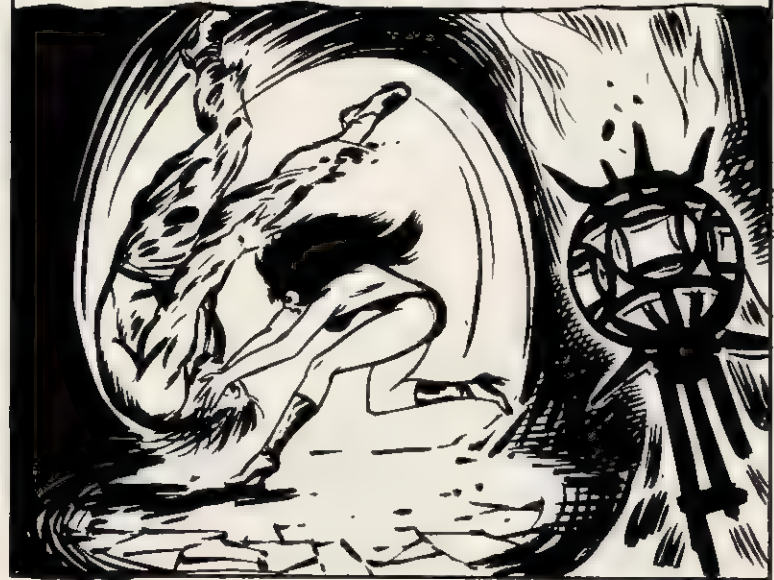


... AND ENGROSSSED BY THE SINISTER SPECTACLE
BEFORE HER, TRANSFIXED BY THE AUROA OF EVIL
IT GENERATES, VAMPIRELLA'S SENSES ARE NUMBED TO...

... MENACE FROM *BEHIND!*



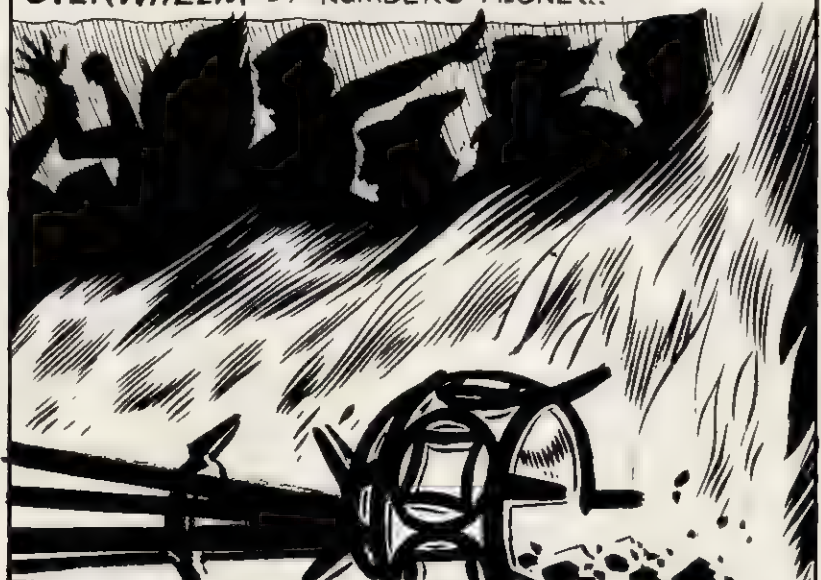
BUT THIS TIME, THE GIRL IS NOT HALF-DEAD FROM COLD AND EXPOSURE, WEAKENED BY DRUGS AND INJURIES... THIS TIME SHE CAN RESPOND WITH DRAKULONIAN SKILL AND STRENGTH!



**THE GIRL! THAT ALIEN WITCH!
GET HER... DON'T LET HER
GET AWAY!!**



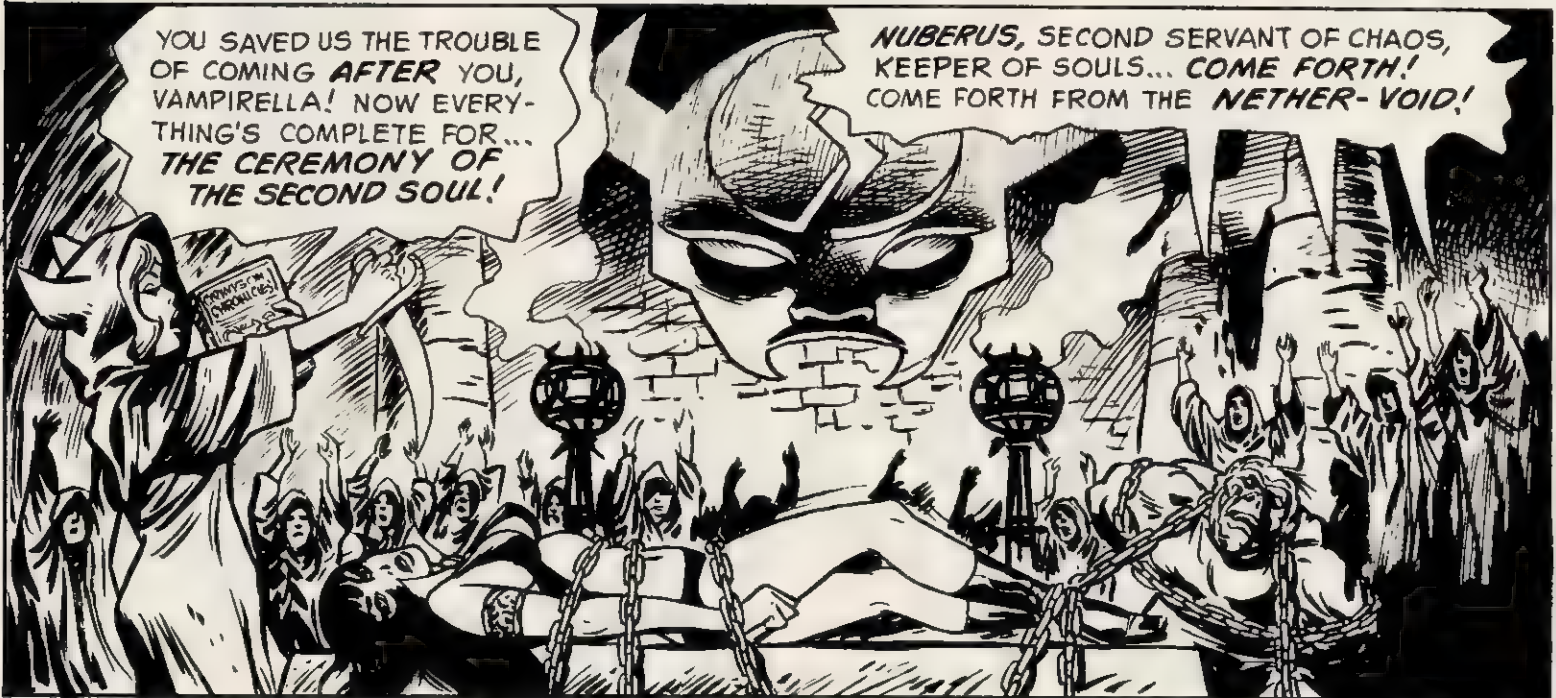
LENORE'S SCREECHING BRINGS A WAVE OF CRAZED CULTISTS SWARMING OUT OF THE TURMOIL VAMPIRELLA'S ACTIONS HAVE CREATED... A WAVE CERTAIN TO OVERWHELM BY NUMBERS ALONE...



AND WHEN THE FIGHTING ENDS, THE HORROR ONCE MORE RESUMES... DIRECTED THIS TIME AT *VAMPIRELLA!*

**YOU SAVED US THE TROUBLE
OF COMING *AFTER* YOU,
VAMPIRELLA! NOW EVERY-
THING'S COMPLETE FOR...
THE CEREMONY OF
THE SECOND SOUL!**

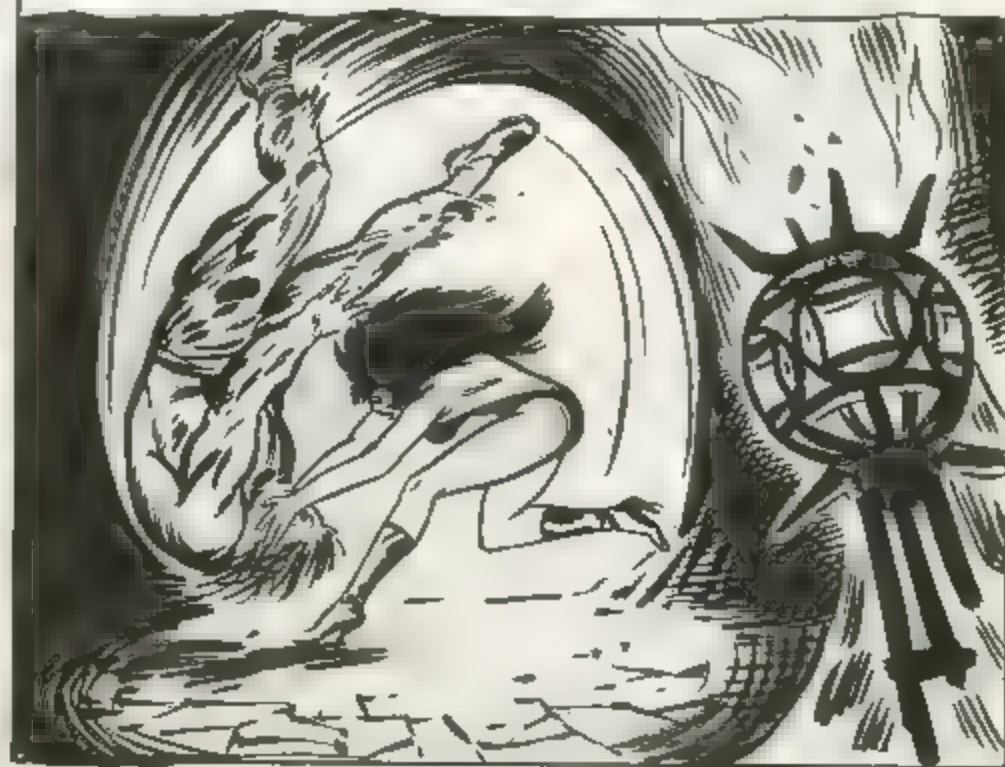
**NUBERUS, SECOND SERVANT OF CHAOS,
KEEPER OF SOULS... COME FORTH!
COME FORTH FROM THE *NETHER-VOID!***



... MENACE FROM *BEHIND!*



BUT THIS TIME, THE GIRL IS NOT HALF-DEAD FROM COLD AND EXPOSURE, WEAKENED BY DRUGS AND INJURIES... THIS TIME SHE CAN RESPOND WITH *DRAKULONIAN* SKILL AND STRENGTH!



THE GIRL! THAT ALIEN WITCH!
GET HER... DON'T LET HER
GET AWAY!!



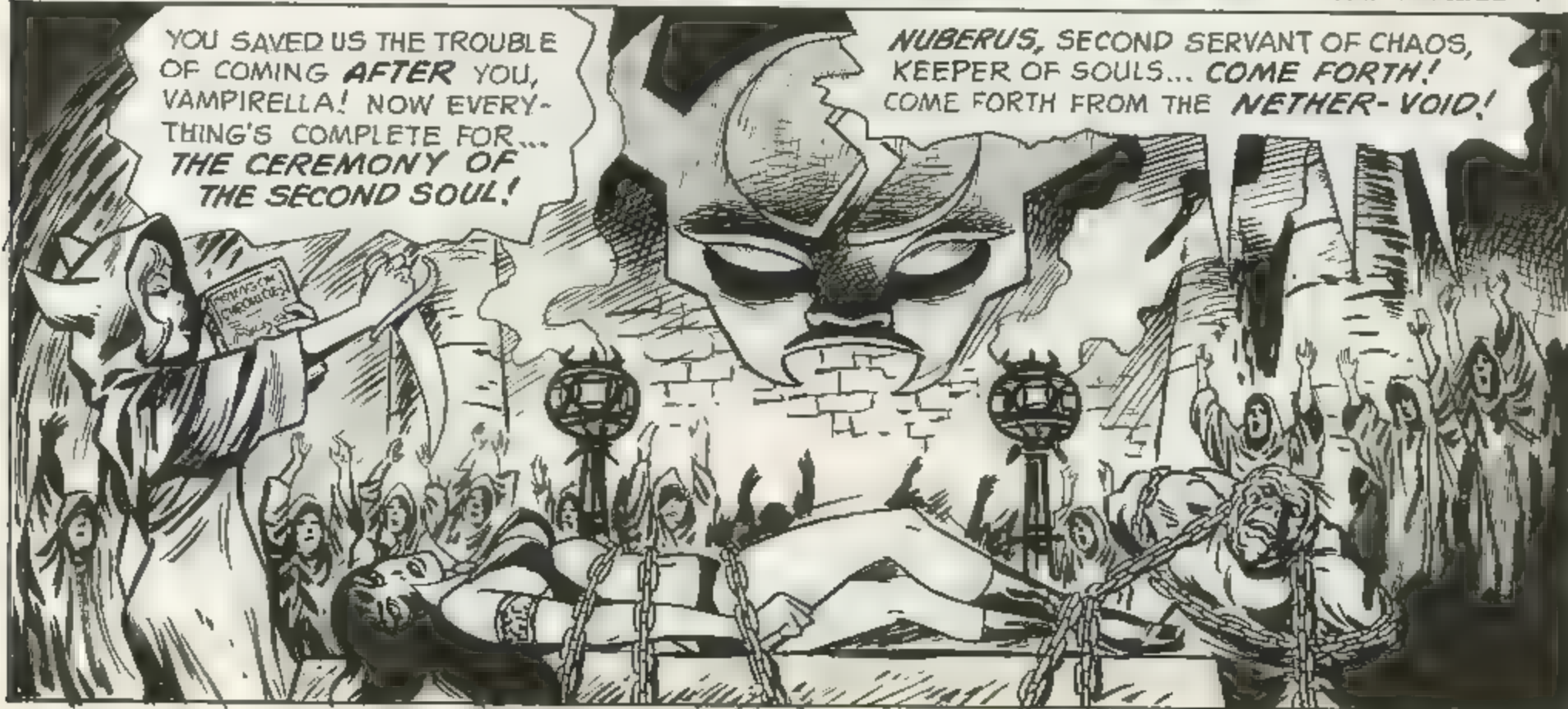
LENORE'S SCREECHING BRINGS A WAVE OF CRAZED CULTISTS SWARMING OUT OF THE TURMOIL VAMPIRELLA'S ACTIONS HAVE CREATED... A WAVE CERTAIN TO *OVERWHELM* BY NUMBERS ALONE...



AND WHEN THE FIGHTING ENDS, THE HORROR ONCE MORE RESUMES... DIRECTED THIS TIME AT *VAMPIRELLA!*

YOU SAVED US THE TROUBLE
OF COMING *AFTER* YOU,
VAMPIRELLA! NOW EVERY-
THING'S COMPLETE FOR...
THE CEREMONY OF
THE SECOND SOUL!

NUBERUS, SECOND SERVANT OF CHAOS,
KEEPER OF SOULS... COME FORTH!
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AS IF IN ANSWER TO LENORE'S WORDS, A WAILING MOAN SLOWLY RISES THROUGH THE CHAMBER, RISES FROM THE SUNDERED CIRCLE OF CHAOS WHICH NOW PULSES AND GLOWS, RIPPLES AND SWIRLS... A MAELSTROM OF FORCE TUNNELING OUT FROM SOME DEEP, DISTANT HELL!

COME FORTH, NUBERUS, AND RECEIVE THE **SECOND SOUL!** THE SOUL THAT SEALS THE BARGAIN, THAT COMPLETES THE EXCHANGE!



...THE SOUL I NOW LAY BARE FOR YOU TO TAKE!

I CAN'T USE MY POWER TO CHANGE FORMS WHILE I'M BOUND! I'M POWERLESS TO STOP HER, I'M...



HOW DARE YOU DEFEY ME?!



YOU CAN'T STOP ME NOW! YOU *KNOW* NUBERUS MUST HAVE A SECOND SOUL....!



AND SO HE SHALL, LENORE... *YOURS!*



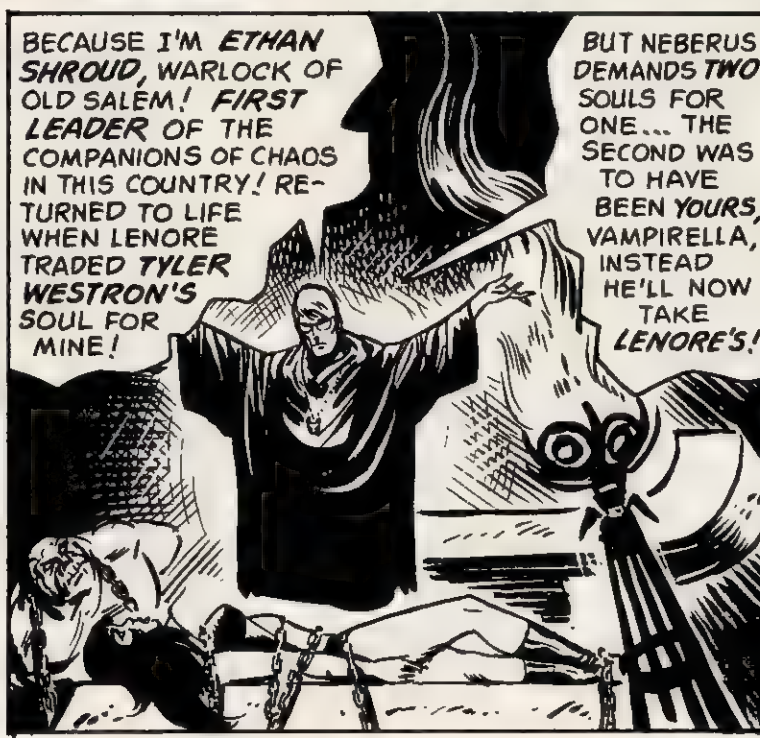
B-BUT... I ONLY DID IT FOR YOU, ETHAN... ONLY FOR... *YOU...*! ETHA--



TYLER... WHAT'S HAPPENING? WHAT DOES THAT MEAN...? WHY DID SHE CALL YOU *ETHAN*?!

BECAUSE I'M *ETHAN SHROUD*, WARLOCK OF OLD SALEM! *FIRST* LEADER OF THE COMPANIONS OF CHAOS IN THIS COUNTRY! RETURNED TO LIFE WHEN LENORE TRADED TYLER WESTRON'S SOUL FOR MINE!

BUT NEBERUS DEMANDS *TWO* SOULS FOR ONE... THE SECOND WAS TO HAVE BEEN *YOURS*, VAMPIRELLA, INSTEAD HE'LL NOW TAKE *LENORE'S!*



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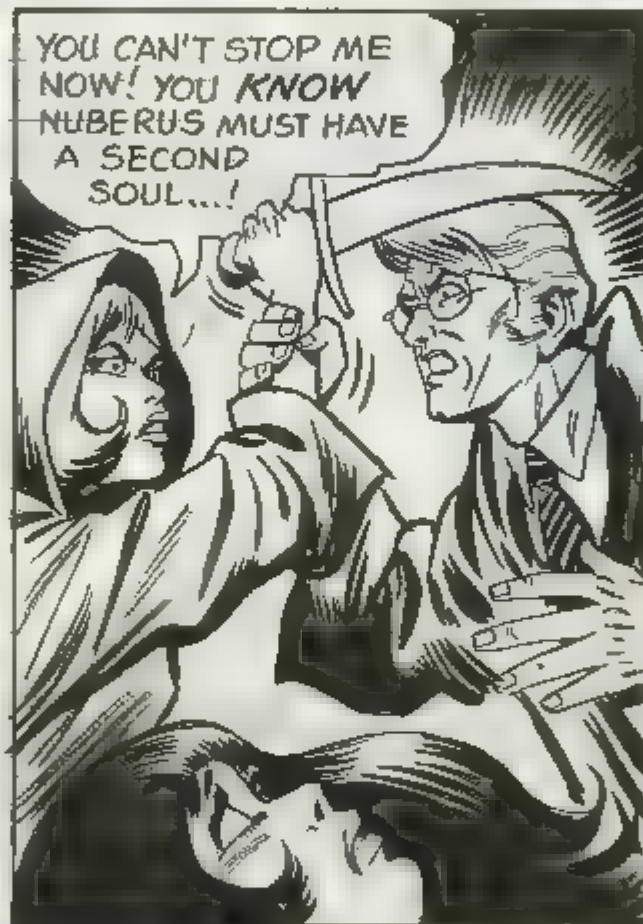
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FOR CENTURIES, SINCE WE WERE LOVERS IN SALEM, LENORE AND I HAVE BEEN RECALLING EACH OTHER TO LIFE! UNTIL YOU, VAMPIRELLA...

WHY SETTLE FOR ANY EARTHLY MATE, WHEN I CAN HAVE A GIRL FROM THE STARS?! MY KNOWLEDGE AND YOUR POWERS WILL MAKE US **UNEQUALED** IN SPREADING THE CAUSE OF A **CHAOS!**

I THOUGHT YOU LOVED ME... YOU ONLY WANT TO **USE** ME TO FURTHER THIS OBSCURE CULT!

I WON'T HAVE ANY PART OF IT... OR YOU!



YOU'LL DIE FOR THAT, VAMPIRELLA...!



MY SURGERY SAVED YOUR LIFE, MY SERUM ALLOWS YOU TO BE SOMETHING MORE THAN A BLOOD-THIRSTING **ALIEN SAVAGE!** YOU'VE NO RIGHT TO REJECT ME OR MY CAUSE!

I'VE KILLED BECAUSE I COULDN'T HELP IT... YOU AND YOUR CULT **SLAUGHTER** FOR THE SAKE OF SOME DEPRAVED, DEPARTED **GOD!** I'VE THE RIGHT TO TURN AGAINST **THAT...**!

YOUR ONLY RIGHT IS TO DI-- **AAAWWK!**





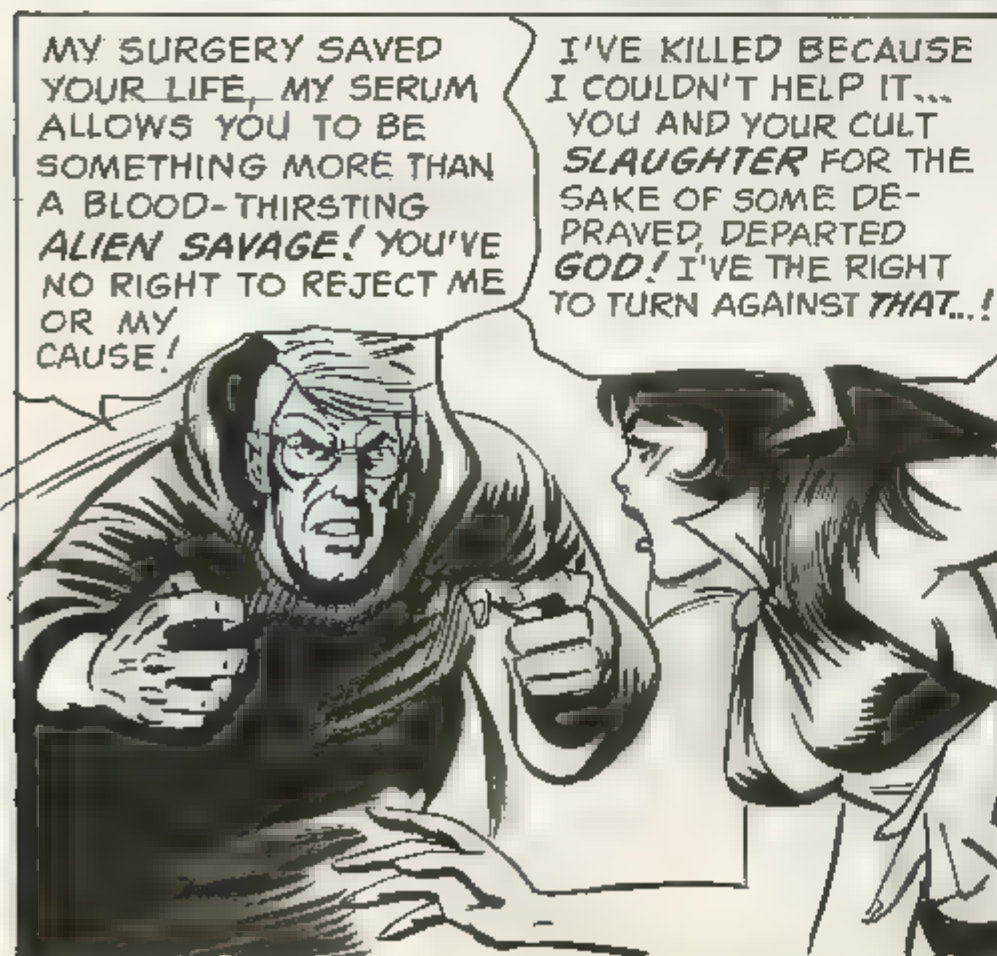
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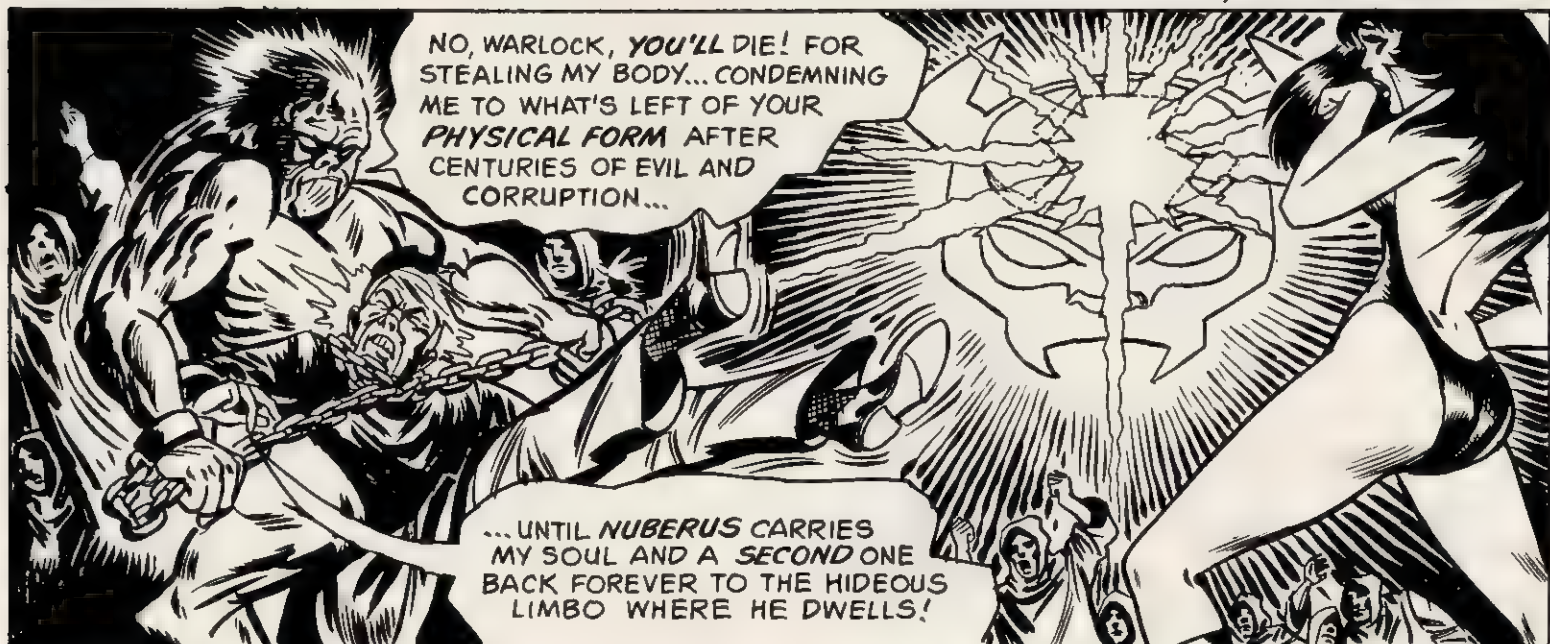


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THE SOUND BEGUN BY LENORE'S INCANTATION NOW SHRIEKS AT A BANSHEE PITCH, APPROACHING SOME TERRIBLE CRESCENDO. YET ABOVE IT CAN BE HEARD THE RASPING CROAK OF AN INHUMAN VOICE, THE VOICE OF A MONSTER...



BUT BARELY DO THE WORDS OF THE PITIFUL GROTESQUE REGISTER WITH VAMPIRELLA, WHEN...

THE SUNDERED CIRCLE!
S-SOMETHING'S COMING OUT OF IT...!



NUBERUS HAS COME FOR HIS SOULS! AND THE CRIMSON CHRONICLES **BURN**... HE WON'T BE BOUND BY THE INCANTATION...



HE'LL PREY ON ANY AND ALL AROUND! GOT TO GET AWAY!...

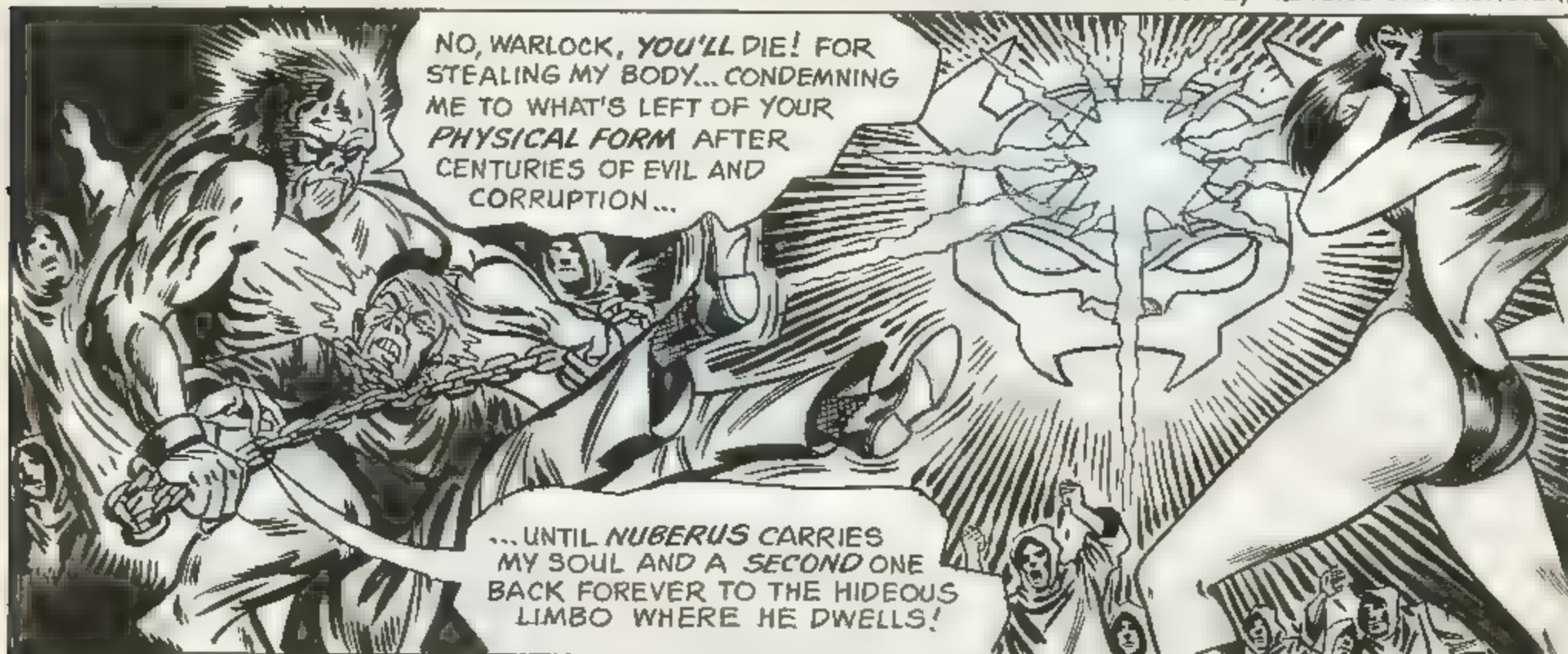


AN EXPLOSION OF SOUND, LIKE THE SCREAMS OF ALL THE DAMNED IN HELL, THUNDERS THROUGH THE CAVERN... A HERALDING TRUMPET OF CATACLYSM ANNOUNCING THAT **NUBERUS HAS COME!** THE SECOND SERVANT OF CHAOS COME TO FEAST ON THE SOULS BEFORE HIM...



AND THE CHAMBER, THE LODGE, THE WORLD ITSELF, SEEMS TO SHATTER AND COME APART!

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NO, WARLOCK, YOU'LL DIE! FOR STEALING MY BODY... CONDEMNING ME TO WHAT'S LEFT OF YOUR **PHYSICAL FORM** AFTER CENTURIES OF EVIL AND CORRUPTION...

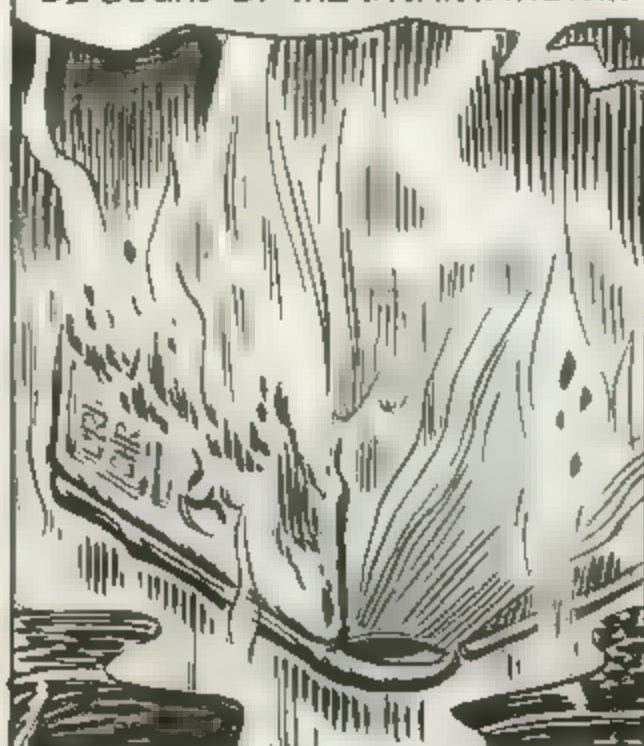
...UNTIL **NUBERUS** CARRIES MY SOUL AND A **SECOND ONE** BACK FOREVER TO THE **HIDEOUS LIMBO** WHERE HE DWELLS!

BUT BARELY DO THE WORDS OF THE PITIFUL GROTESQUE REGISTER WITH VAMPIRELLA, WHEN...

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AND THE CHAMBER, THE LODGE, THE WORLD ITSELF, SEEMS TO SHATTER AND COME APART!

A CHILL TOUCH OF AIR SUMMONS VAMPIRELLA BACK TO CONSCIOUSNESS, BACK TO LIFE THAT TIMELESS MOMENTS AGO HAD SEEMED CERTAINLY LOST...

THE LODGE IS A RUIN, UTTERLY DESTROYED... BUT I'LL ALWAYS HEAR THOSE PEOPLE, THOSE CULTISTS, SCREAMING AS THAT T-THING--

DON'T DWELL ON IT, VAMPIRELLA... YOU'RE SAFE, THAT'S ENOUGH!

YOU MANAGED TO CARRY ME OUT! BUT YOU'RE HURT... BECAUSE YOU RISKED SAVING ME AS WELL AS YOURSELF!

I-I WAS LOST LONG AGO...! THOUGH I COULD ESCAPE THE CULTISTS KEPT ME IN... THEIR POWER OVER ME WAS ALWAYS GREAT ENOUGH TO BRING ME BACK...!

BUT I VOWED TO WARN YOU, SAVE YOU INSTEAD!

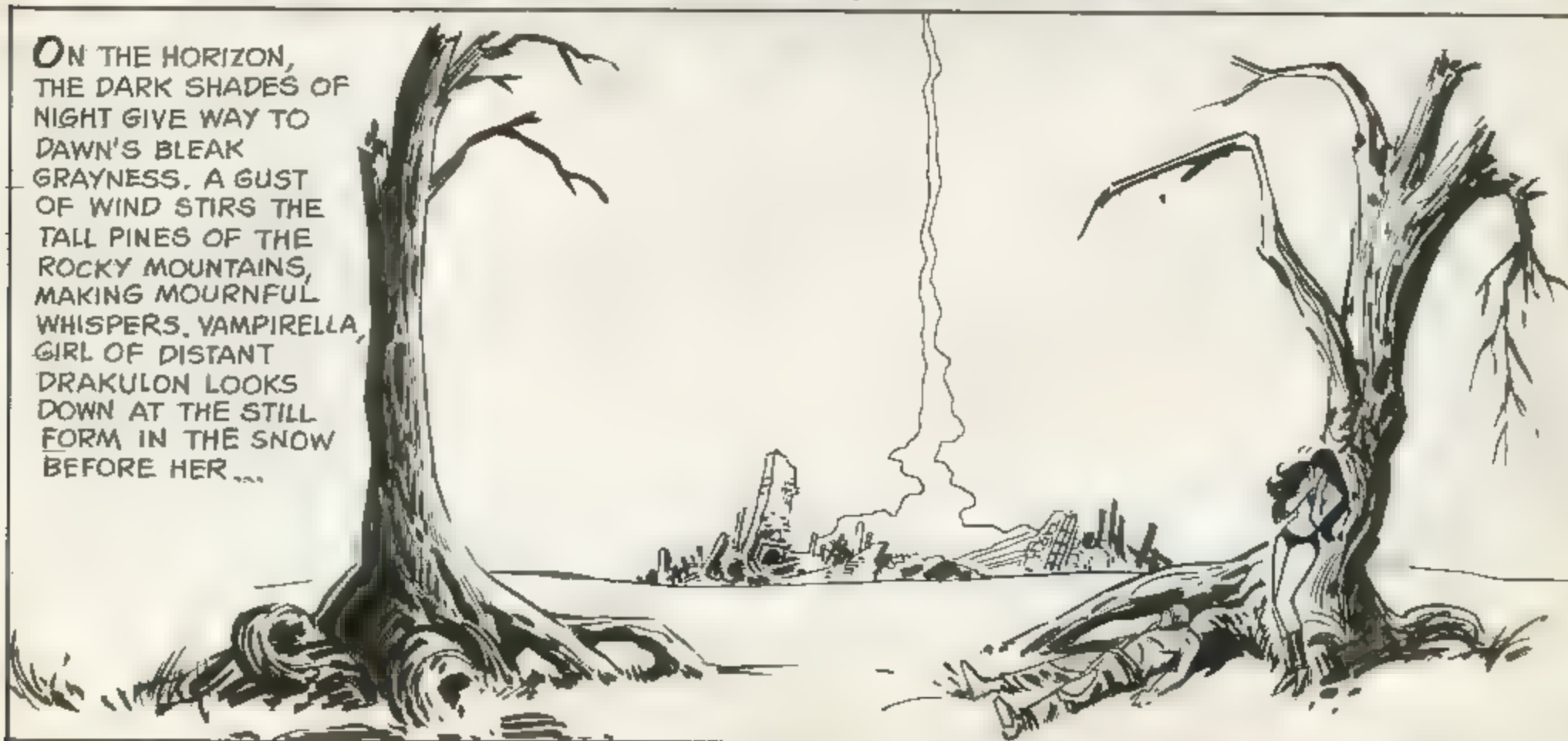
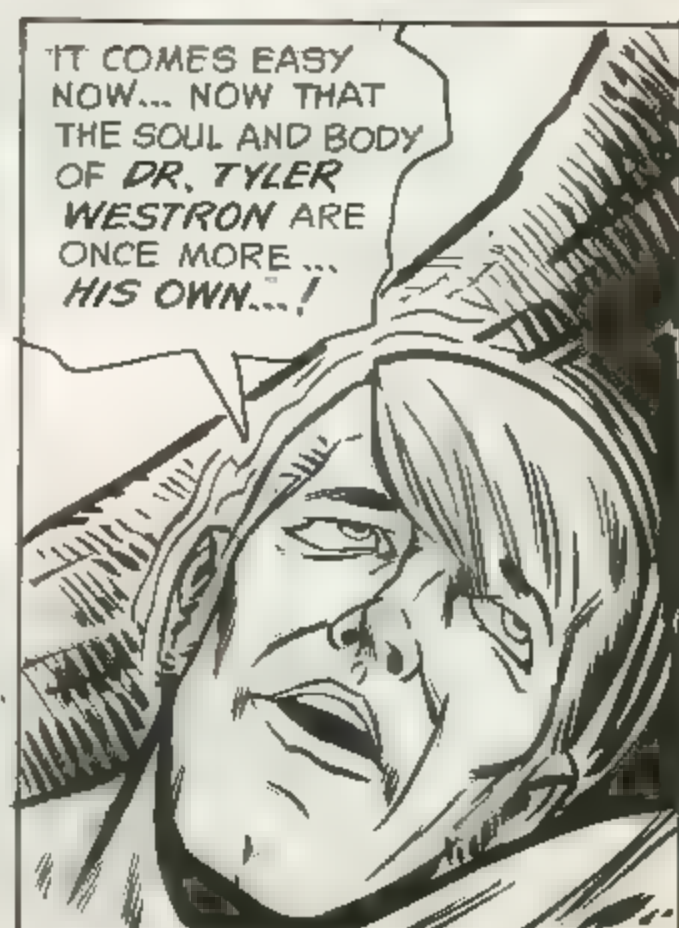
YOU'RE FROM ANOTHER WORLD, VAMPIRELLA, YOU'RE A FACTOR THE GROWING FORCES OF CHAOS HAVEN'T RECKONED ON...

PERHAPS YOU CAN HELP HUMANITY AGAINST THEM AS I'VE HELPED YOU! BUT WHATEVER YOU DECIDE, DON'T FEEL BADLY ABOUT MY DYING...

IT COMES EASY NOW... NOW THAT THE SOUL AND BODY OF DR. TYLER WESTRON ARE ONCE MORE... HIS OWN...!

ON THE HORIZON, THE DARK SHADES OF NIGHT GIVE WAY TO DAWN'S BLEAK GRAYNESS. A GUST OF WIND STIRS THE TALL PINES OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS, MAKING MOURNFUL WHISPERS. VAMPIRELLA, GIRL OF DISTANT DRAKULON LOOKS DOWN AT THE STILL FORM IN THE SNOW BEFORE HER...

A CHILL TOUCH OF AIR SUMMONS VAMPIRELLA BACK TO CONSCIOUSNESS, BACK TO LIFE THAT TIMELESS MOMENTS AGO HAD SEEMED CERTAINLY LOST...



EPILOGUE: A HOTEL ROOM IN DENVER, COLO....

WE'VE BEEN LUCKY. AS PART OF AN AIR-LINE'S PUBLICITY CAMPAIGN, PHOTO-GRAPHS WERE TAKEN OF EVERYONE BOARDING THE FLIGHT IN NEW YORK...

...THESE ARE THE FOUR PASSENGERS WHOSE BODIES WERE NEVER RECOVERED FROM THE WRECKAGE!

WELL, DAD? DO YOU THINK YOU CAN WORK FROM THESE?

IT'S A MARVELOUS THING, ADAM, TO BE DENIED *ONE* FORM OF SIGHT, YET POSSESS *ANOTHER*... BUT MY PSYCHIC POWER, MY *SECOND SIGHT*, IF YOU WILL, ARE UNPREDICTABLE!

ALL I CAN DO IS TRY... LET MY MIND SEARCH FOR SOME EMANATION, SOME INFLUENCE, AS MY FINGERS MOVE OVER THE PHOTOGRAPHS...

YES! I'M GETTING SOMETHING... THE *ALIENESS*... THE TOTAL *APARTNESS* FROM HUMANITY...

...THIS IS THE ONE!

KAWONK!

COME, ADAM... NOW THE HUNT *TRULY* BEGINS!

THE HUNT BEGINS... A MISSION OF VENGEANCE IS LAUNCHED THAT WILL NOT SOON END; NOT UNTIL TWO RELENTLESS STALKERS FACE THE GIRL THEY HAVE SWORN TO KILL. THE GIRL FROM THE STARS WHO NOW SEARCHES TO FIND HER PLACE ON THIS PLANET WE CALL EARTH... *VAMPIRELLA!* THE END

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THE SWORD-MAID OF KARKASSONE--**AMAZONIA**--HAS ASCENDED THE THRONE WHICH IS HERS BY RIGHT OF BIRTH AND HER GOOD SWORDARM... ONLY TO DISCOVER THAT HER RULE AS QUEEN IS THREATENED BY A DREAD MENACE FROM THE NEWLY DISCOVERED SUB-CELLARS OF HER PALACE! MEN-AT-ARMS AND MAIDSERVANTS DIE RAVENING IN THE EBON BLACKNESS OF THOSE PRIMORDIAL CRYPTS SO THAT SOON NO MAN OR WOMAN WILL GO INTO THOSE TUNNELWAYS WHERE A NOISOME DEATH AWAITS THE VISITOR

ONLY AMAZONIA, DARING BOTH DEATH AND A PROPHETIC LEGEND, WILL BRAVE THOSE CHARNEL CORRIDORS TO MEET..

the DEMON in the CRYPT!

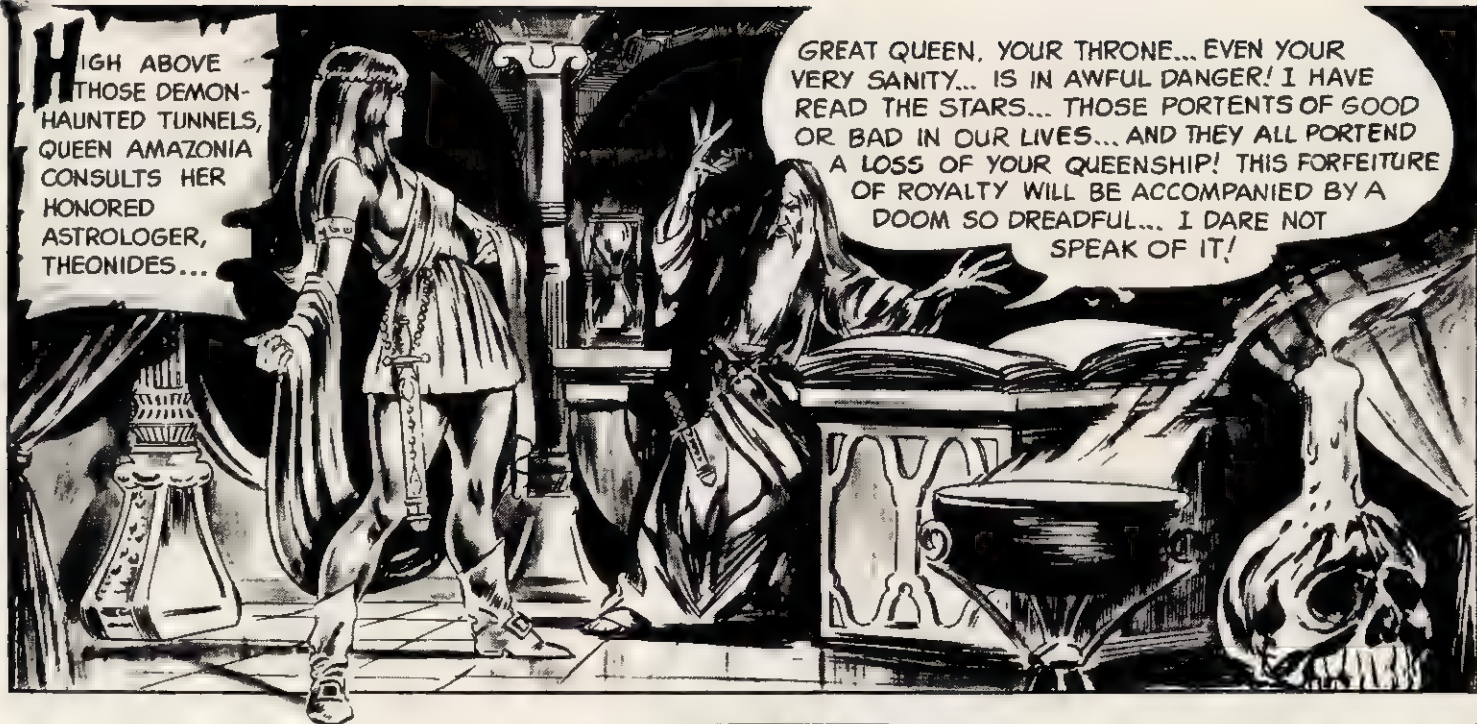
IT DOES NO GOOD TO FIGHT ME, AMAZONIA --FOR YOUR STEEL CANNOT HARM MY DEMON FLESH! AND I INTEND DESTROYING YOU... IN A WAY WHICH WILL MAKE YOU SORRY YOU'VE EVER BEEN BORN!

MY SWORD BETRAYS ME! IT WILL NOT-- TOUCH DEMONFLESH!

ALONG THE DUSTY, LONG UNTROD BY-WAYS OF THE EON-ANCIENT PALACE OF KARKASSONE, SOMETHING WICKED, SOMETHING FIENDISH CROUCHES, HUNGERING FOR HUMAN LIFE...

I LIKE NOT THESE WALKWAYS... EVER SINCE THE STONEMASONS FOUND THEM, THERE'S BEEN NOTHING BUT DIRE TALES TOLD OF... WHAT HAUNTS THEM...

OUT OF THE SHADOWS IT LEAPS, AN AWESOME SHAPE OF EVIL, PARALYSING BY ITS TERRIFYING PRESENCE...

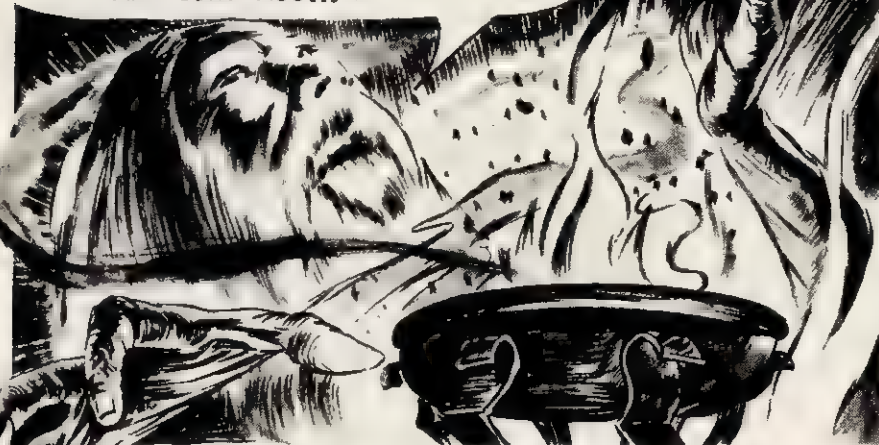


HIGH ABOVE THOSE DEMON-HAUNTED TUNNELS, QUEEN AMAZONIA CONSULTS HER HONORED ASTROLOGER, THEONIDES...

GREAT QUEEN, YOUR THRONE... EVEN YOUR VERY SANITY... IS IN AWFUL DANGER! I HAVE READ THE STARS... THOSE PORTENTS OF GOOD OR BAD IN OUR LIVES... AND THEY ALL PORTEND A LOSS OF YOUR QUEENSHIP! THIS FORFEITURE OF ROYALTY WILL BE ACCOMPANIED BY A DOOM SO DREADFUL... I DARE NOT SPEAK OF IT!

THE OLD LEGENDS SAY THIS PALACE WAS BUILT AGES AND AGES AGO... UPON THE REMNANTS OF AN ANCIENT TEMPLE WHERE A DEMON-GOD WAS SLAIN BY WHITE MAGIC! FOR EONS THAT DEMON BEING HAS LAIN IN THE DEEP CRYPTS WHICH WERE SEALED LONG AND LONG AGO!...

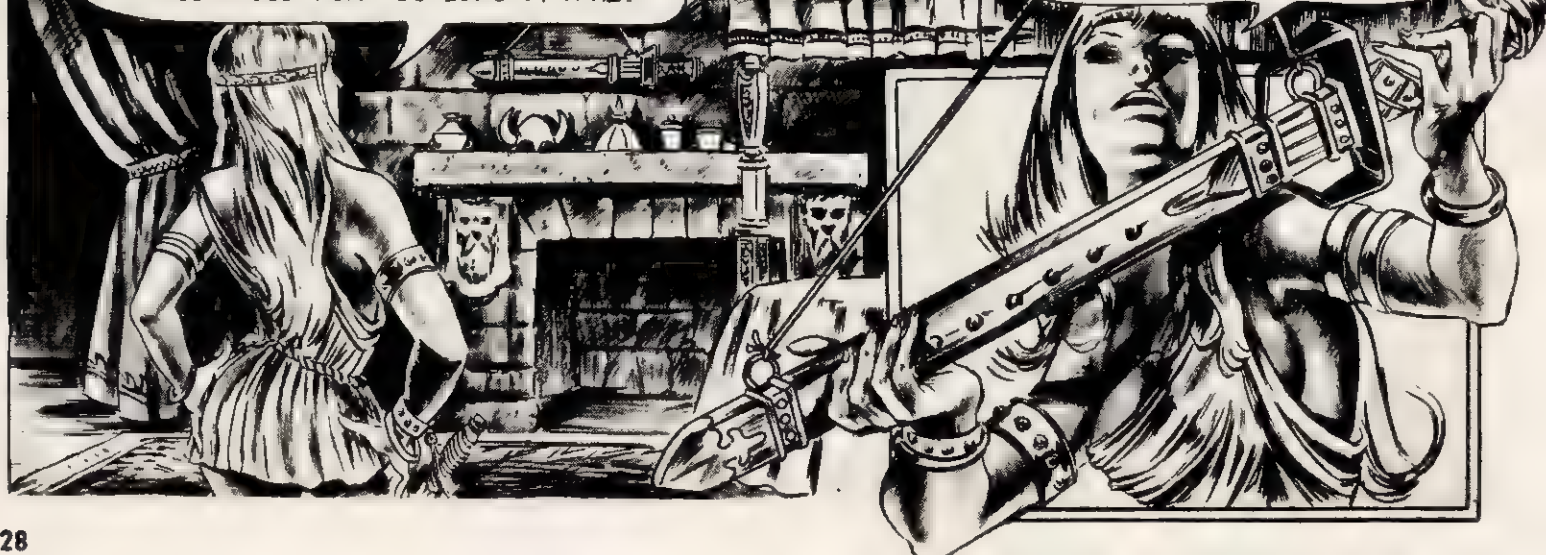
BUT WITH THE COMING OF A QUEEN TO KARKASSONE, THAT DEMON SHALL STIR BACK TO LIFE! IT EATS LIFE, DEEP IN THE VAULTS BELOW! AND--IT SHALL COME FORTH TO TAKE AWAY YOUR CROWN AND SIT ITSELF UPON YOUR THRONE!



NERVOUSLY PAGING HER BEDCHAMBER HOURS LATER, AMAZONIA COMES TO STAND BEFORE HER SWORD EXCALIFER...

--SIGH-- I'VE BEEN QUEEN FOR --SUCH A SHORT TIME! AHH, BUT MY BLADE THAT HELPED WIN MY QUEENSHIP, HAS BEEN IDLE FOR TOO LONG A TIME!

IT'S TIME I TOOK YOU DOWN FROM OFF THAT WALL... AND WENT TO FIND THE DEMON! I AM NO QUEEN IN TRUTH... IF I CANNOT DEFEND THAT WHICH IS MINE AS QUEEN!



IN LEATHER JERKIN AND MAIL SHIRT, THE ROYAL MAID DESCENDS THE WORN STONE STEPS THAT HAVE KNOWN THE TREAD OF MAN AND DEMON, DOWNWARD... EVER DOWNWARD... INTO THOSE EON-OLD REGIONS OF THE SUB-CELLARS...

GUIDE MY SWORDHAND, TANIT! HELP ME TO FIND... AND SLAY!... THIS FEARSOME THING THAT FEAST UPON MY SERVANTS!

FAR AHEAD OF HER, CROUCHED ABOVE ITS PREY IS THAT HAUNTER OF DARKNESS, THAT DREAD BEING OF CHARNEL CRYPTS... FEASTING...

SHE COMES AT LAST!... AS THE LEGEND HAS FORETOLD, OFFERING HERSELF TO MY MEPHITIC EMBRACE!

THESE CRYPTAL FLOORS ARE OVERLAID WITH THICK DUST... IN WHICH THE TRACKS OF DEMON FEET BETRAY THE PATH TO THE DEATH CRYPT OF THE BEING FROM THE GULFS OF NETHER SPACE...

BY TAINTS BLOOD... I'VE FOUND ITS TRAIL! THIS IS WHERE THE THING FEASTS ON ANY WHO ENTER ITS LOST LAIR!


BACK SWINGS PART OF THAT WALL...AND THE ROYAL MAID STEPS BOLDLY INTO AN ANCIENT BURIAL ROOM...

BY TANIT'S BREATH! SO THIS IS WHERE THE DEMON HAS LAIN ALL THESE LONG EONS SINCE IT WAS... PUT AWAY! BUT--WHERE IS IT? WHERE DOES IT HIDE?

BUT THOSE FEARSOME MARKS LEAD ONLY TO... A BLANK STONE WALL!

HER KEEN EYES FIND A STONE ROSETTE, ODDLY SHAPED AND DIFFERENT FROM THE OTHER DECORATIONS. SWIFTLY HER FINGERS SEARCH IT OUT...TURN IT...

AHHH! I HEAR THE RUMBLE OF RUSTING MACHINERY...



UPWARD FROM THE SOIL OF THAT PRIMAL WORLD OUT OF WHICH IT CAME...THE DEMON SPRINGS! ITS EYES FLASH WITH FIENDISH FIRE, ITS BREATH IS A FLAME OF DESTRUCTIVE FURY!...

FOOLISH MORTAL! YOU HAVE COME AS LEGEND FORETOLD...TO BE TORN APART HERE IN THIS BURIAL CHAMBER...TO LIVE ON... DISMEMBERED... LEGS PARTED FROM TRUNK... ARMS FROM TORSO...

RASH DEMON FROM THE NETHER HELLS! AMAZONIA PROTECTS HER OWN... AND THIS IS FOR THE MAIDS AND MEN YOU HAVE FEASTED ON IN THESE THRICE-DAMNED TUNNELS!

DIE LOATHSOME SLUG!

EXCALIFER FLASHES BRIGHTLY IN THE CHARNAL CRYPT...

AS IT PASSES THROUGH THE BEING CREATURE WITHOUT TOUCHING IT!

OH HHHH! MY STEEL... DIDN'T EVEN TOUCH IT!

THE RAZOR-LIKE TALONS OF THE BESTIAL BEING RIP AND TEAR WHERE THEY TOUCH...

FOR A MOMENT, ONLY THE SOBBING BREATH OF THE THING IN THE CRYPT IS HEARD, FOR KARKASSONE'S QUEEN LIES MUTE, LIFELESS...

SHE FELL IN THE SOIL FROM THE PRIMAL WORLD OUT OF WHICH I CAME! THE SOIL THAT KEPT ME ALIVE OVER THE EONS! BUT THIS MEANS--I CANNOT HARM HER AS I PLANNED... FOR THE GRAVE SOIL PROTECTS HER EVEN AS--IT PROTECTED ME!

AIEEE!

NO MATTER! THE SWORD AND THE THRONE ARE MINE... AND AMAZONIA SHALL REMAIN HERE FOREVER... TO ROT OUT WHAT LITTLE LIFE IS LEFT TO HER!

SWEATING, STRAINING, IT'S DEMON
MUSCLES BULGING, THE THING
FROM BEYOND STRUGGLES WITH
THE BIER SLAB...

LIE THERE FOREVER, QUEEN AMAZONIA...
BURIED ALIVE! 'TIS NOT THE FATE I
PLANNED FOR YOU--BUT 'T WILL HAVE
TO DO



IN THE FAINT LIGHT OF THE ANCIENT
CRYPT, A CHANGE COMES UPON
THE GENIE OF THE GRAVE! ITS
OUTLINES BLUR, SHIMMER...

AS BAIDOKA THE
DEMON, I MAY NOT
SIT THE THRONE...
BUT AS BAIDOKA
THE BEAUTIFUL...
I CAN EASILY
TAKE AMAZONIA'S
PLACE!

UNTIL AT LAST...



KARKASSONE
IS MINE! BY MY
DEMONIAC EN-
CHANTMENTS, I
SHALL ENSLAVE
EVERY MAN, WO-
MAN AND CHILD
IN THIS KINGDOM,
COMPELLING THEM
TO SUBMIT TO
MY EVIL WILL!

STAY THERE FOR ALL ETERNITY, AMAZONIA!
AS THIS DOOR CLOSES, NONE SHALL EVER
HEAR YOUR PLEAS FOR HELP!

SHE DEPARTS
FROM THE
CRYPT LEAVING
HER THE
SILENCE OF
THE GRAVE,
THE PUTRID
SMELL OF
DEATH...
THE DAMP
ROT OF THE
CHARNEL
REGIONS...



THE HOURS
PASS SLOWLY...
AND THEN
THE STONE
SLAB LIFTS,
SHIFTS
POSITION...

GIVE ME STRENGTH,
YOU ANCIENT ONES OF
PRIMAL KARKASSONE!
AS YOU CAUSED ME TO
FALL INTO THIS MAGIC SOIL,
--THEREBY SAVING MY
LIFE--GRANT ME ALSO
THE POWER TO MOVE
THIS TOMB COVERING...



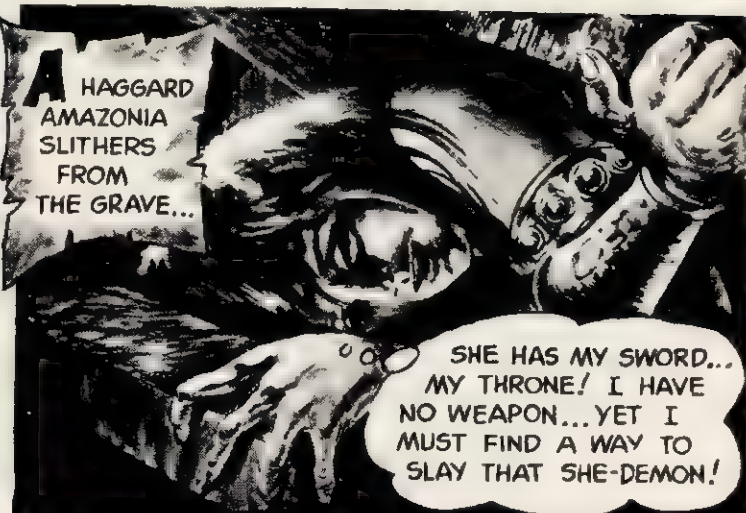
FINGERS
GRIP
THE EDGE
OF THE
TOMB...

NOW
AID ME
TO RISE...



A HAGGARD
AMAZONIA
SLITHERS
FROM
THE GRAVE...

SHE HAS MY SWORD...
MY THRONE! I HAVE
NO WEAPON... YET I
MUST FIND A WAY TO
SLAY THAT SHE-DEMON!



BUT WAIT! THIS VERY DIRT...BEING OF THE DEMON'S OWN PRIMEVAL WORLD... IS IMPREGNATED WITH ITS OWN MAGICAL PROPERTIES! IT SAVED MY LIFE, WHICH MEANS THE DEMON IS HELPLESS AGAINST IT!

I'LL TAKE ALONG SOME, PLACING IT INSIDE THIS BASKET WHICH I TOOK... IRONICALLY ENOUGH... FROM ONE OF THE DEMON'S OWN VICTIMS...

THEN, STAGGERING FROM THE CRYPT, SHE STUMBLES ALONG THE DUSTY TUNNELWAYS... UPWARD TOWARD HER OWN FAMILIAR WORLD...

TANIT GRANT MY STRENGTH SHALL LAST... UNTIL I COME FACE TO FACE WITH THAT HELLISH THING!

AND THEN...

YOU! BUT... BUT YOU **DIED** DOWN THERE...

NOT I! THAT PRIMAL DIRT FROM YOUR OWN TIME AND SPACE SAVED ME... JUST AS IT SHALL DESTROY YOU!!

EXCALIFER WAS BURIED DEEP IN THAT SAME SOIL! WHATEVER OF MAGIC OR SORCERY WAS IN THAT EARTH... LIES NOW IN THE BLADE ITSELF!

THE DARK PALL UPON THE CELLAR CRYPTS IS LIFTED!

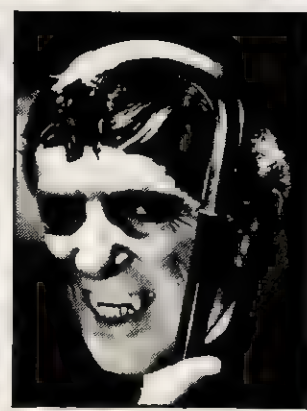
ONCE MORE PEACE HAS COME TO KARKASSONE AND TO ITS YOUNG QUEEN... **AMAZONIA!**

DIE, CURSED CREATURE!

THE END

BARNABAS!

EXCITING PAPERBACK NOVELS
ABOUT THE FAMOUS VAMPIRE
OF TV'S DARK SHADOWS!!



- ☐ The Secret of Barnabas
- ☐ The Demon of Barnabas Collins
- ☐ Dark Shadows
- ☐ The Mystery of Collinswood
- ☐ The Foe of Collinswood
- ☐ Barnabas Collins in a Funny Vein

- ☐ The Phantom & Barnabas Collins
- ☐ Barnabas Collins vs. The Warlock
- ☐ The Perils of Barnabas Collins
- ☐ Barnabas Collins Personal Picture Album
- ☐ Barnabas Collins & The Mysterious Ghost

- ☐ The Curse of Collinswood
- ☐ Barnabas Collins
- ☐ Victoria Winters
- ☐ Strangers at Collins House
- ☐ Barnabas Collins & Quentins' Demon
- ☐ Barnabas Collins & The Gypsy Witch

- ☐ Barnabas, Quentin & The Mummy's Curse
- ☐ Barnabas, Quentin & The Avenging Ghost
- ☐ Barnabas, Quentin & The Nightmare Assassin
- ☐ Barnabas, Quentin & The Crystal Coffin

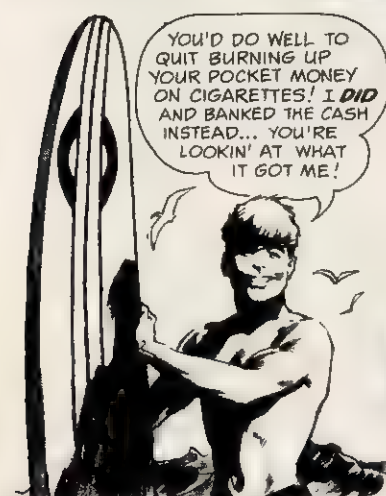
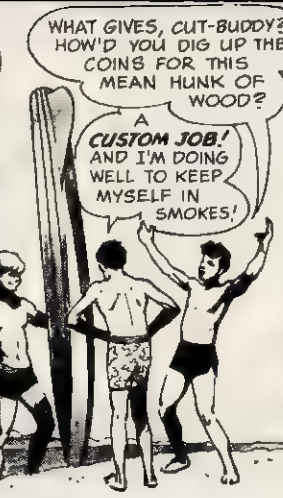
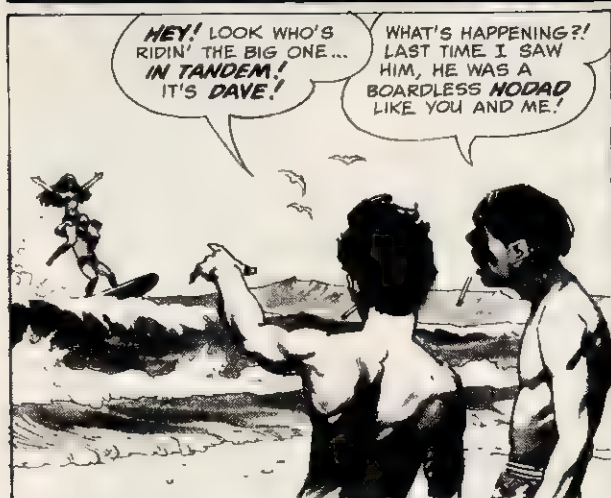
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5 CIGARETTES A DAY COST \$32 OR MORE A YEAR!

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WHY RISK YOUR HEALTH FOR CIGARETTES?

TAKE A WALK INTO
THE WORLD OF THE WIERD
AND FOLLOW OUR FELLOW DOWN
A STREET THAT LEADS...

Out of the Fog...

-and into
the MIST!

THE WAR WAS OVER,
HAD BEEN OVER FOR
MONTHS, AND I WAS
IN ENGLAND...

THE AIR THERE WAS
COLD AND DAMP AND
AS I HEADED FOR THE
THE AIRPORT, A KID
GOT IN MY WAY...

SO I BOOTED HIM...

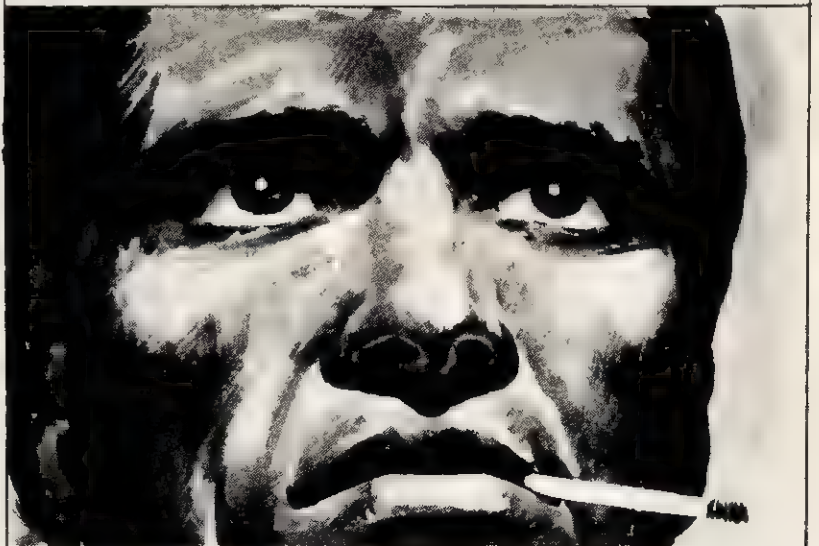
YEARS AGO I WOULD
HAVE WALKED AROUND
HIM. BUT THINGS HAVE
CHANGED SINCE THEN...

THE WAR HAS DONE
STRANGE THINGS TO ME.

KEN
BARR

... BY THE TIME I REACHED THE AIRPORT,
SUSAN'S PLANE WAS COMING IN..."

... SO I STOOD THERE, LIT A CIGARETTE AND
WATCHED AS THE WHEELS TOUCHED DOWN, AND
LISTENED TO THE CHILLING WHIRR OF THE PROPELLORS...



"BEFORE LONG, THE PLANE WAS ON THE GROUND AND PEOPLE WERE POURING OUT. SOME WORE HAPPY FACES, OTHERS LOOKED SAD."



"BUT SUSAN WASN'T AMONG THEM..."

THE DUMB BROAD! MUSTA MISSED HER PLANE AGAIN... SOMEDAY I'LL KNOCK HER FACE IN...



"SO I LEFT THE AIRPORT AND HEADED FOR A PUB NEARBY..."



"IT WAS TOO EARLY FOR MY FRIENDS TO BE THERE, SO I ORDERED A PINT OF ALE, AND SAT DOWN AT A TABLE IN THE CORNER WHERE THERE WASN'T MUCH LIGHT..."



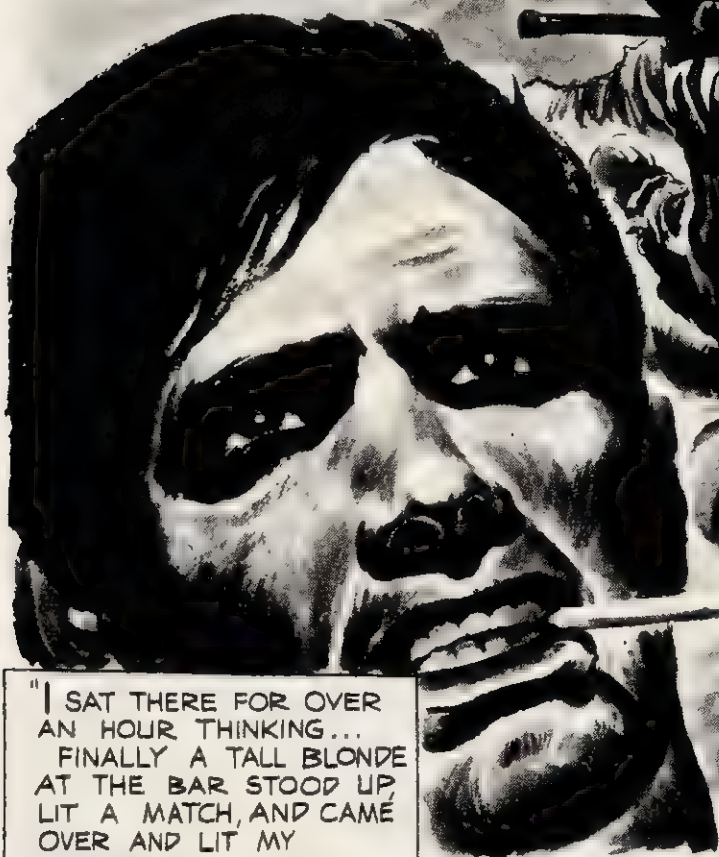
"I STILL HAD A FEW CIGARETTES LEFT. I STUCK ONE IN MY MOUTH AND STARTED LOOKING FOR A MATCH..."



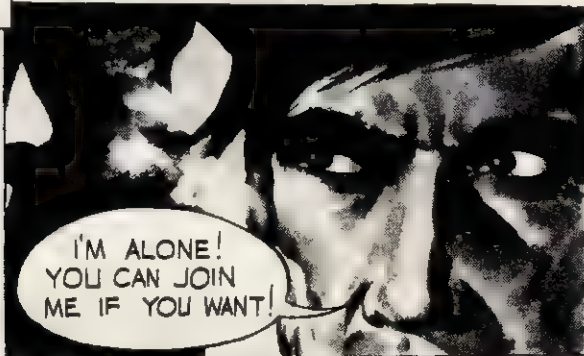
"BUT I COULDN'T FIND ONE, SO I GAVE UP AND JUST SAT THERE AND TRIED TO THINK..."



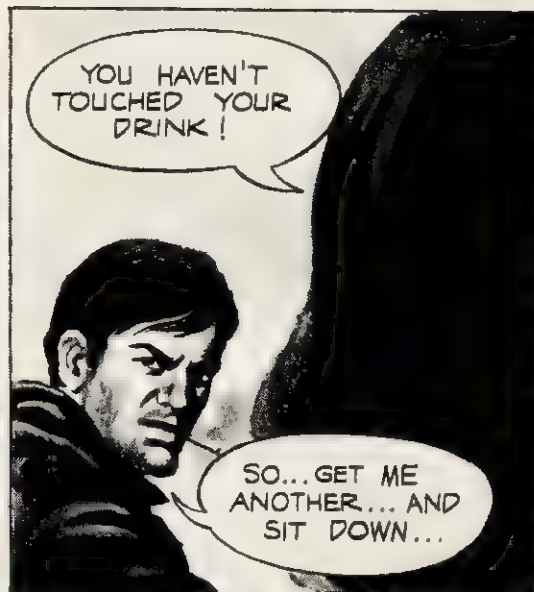
"I THOUGHT ABOUT THE WAR...THE MUD WE USED TO MARCH THROUGH...THE KILLING AND THE WASTE..."



"I SAT THERE FOR OVER AN HOUR THINKING... FINALLY A TALL BLONDE AT THE BAR STOOD UP, LIT A MATCH, AND CAME OVER AND LIT MY CIGARETTE..."



"I'M ALONE!
YOU CAN JOIN
ME IF YOU WANT!"



"YOU HAVEN'T
TOUCHED YOUR
DRINK!"

"SO...GET ME
ANOTHER... AND
SIT DOWN..."

"I TOLD HER ABOUT SUSAN,
ABOUT HOW HAPPY WE
ONCE WERE ... BUT THAT
WAS BEFORE THE WAR..."

"SHE COULD SEE THAT I WAS
BITTER, THAT I DIDN'T CARE MUCH
ABOUT ANYTHING ANYMORE..."

"THE WAR HAS
DONE STRANGE THINGS
TO YOU. YOU ARE
VERY UNHAPPY!"

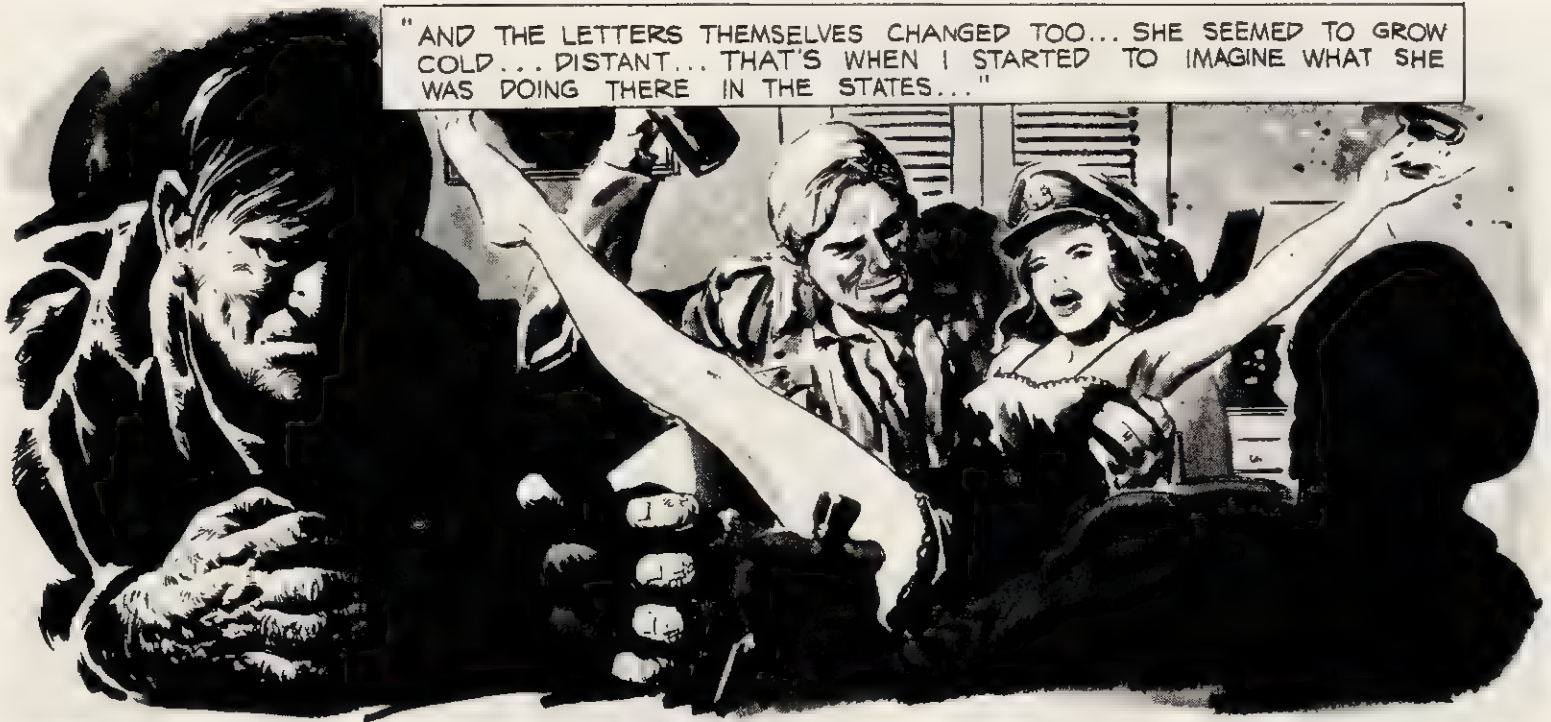
"YOU DON'T
KNOW THE
HALF OF
IT, BABY!"



"AFTER I
JOINED UP,
EVERYTHING
CHANGED. AT FIRST
SUSAN WOULD WRITE
EVERY DAY. BUT
SOON IT WAS EVERY
WEEK. THEN, ONCE
A MONTH..."



"AND THE LETTERS THEMSELVES CHANGED TOO... SHE SEEMED TO GROW COLD... DISTANT... THAT'S WHEN I STARTED TO IMAGINE WHAT SHE WAS DOING THERE IN THE STATES..."



AND AS TIME WENT ON I GREW TO HATE HER - REALLY **HATE** HER!

I HAVEN'T SEEN HER SINCE BEFORE THE WAR! SHE'LL BE COMING TO ENGLAND SOON... TO JOIN ME HERE!

AND YET... SHE'S **STILL** MY WIFE!

SHE STILL HAS NO IDEA THAT I HATE HER SO!

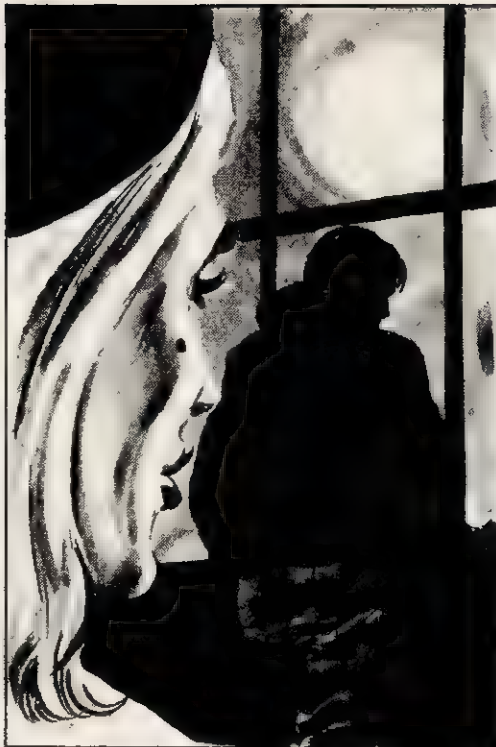
"SHE COULD SEE THE HATE WELLING UP WITHIN ME... BUT SHE DIDN'T SEEM TO CARE..."

SHE TOOK MY HAND IN HERS, AND LED ME OUT OF THE PUB... I DID NOT RESIST...

COME! I SHALL MAKE YOU HAPPY AGAIN...

SHE TOOK ME TO A BASEMENT SLUM WHICH MUST HAVE BEEN HER HOME...



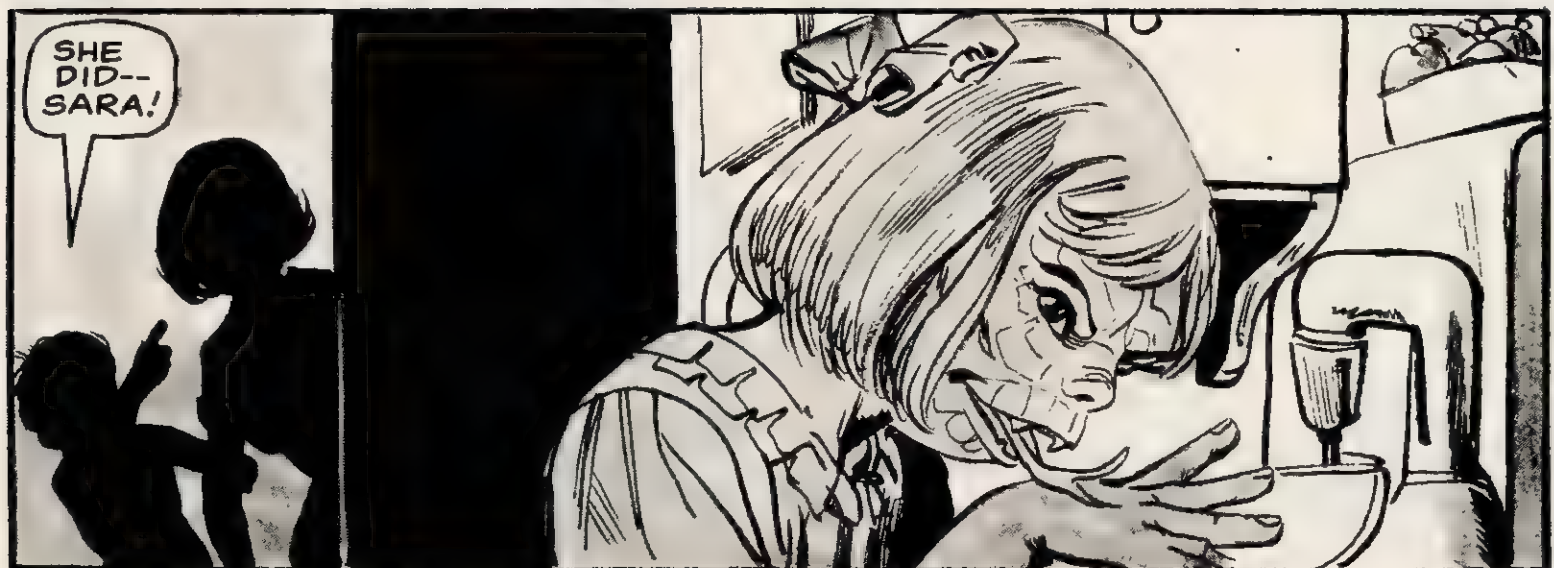


IN THIS VENOMOUS LITTLE TALE, YOU WILL MEET A CHARMING REPTILE WHO *SWINGS* INSTEAD OF *SLITHERS*. WE GUARANTEE THAT SHE'LL HAVE YOU MESMERIZED WITH HER...



SNAKE EYES

IT WAS A WARM SUMMER NIGHT, HAZY AND FULL OF THE CRISP EVENING SOUNDS OF FROGS AND CRICKETS. YOUNG SARA FELT A KINSHIP FOR THE COLD-BLOODED NIGHT CREATURES YET SHE WAS ATTRACTED TO THE SUMMER HOUSE EVEN THOUGH SHE KNEW IT CONTAINED ONLY MAMMALS.



SARA WAS A CELEBRITY AT HOFFMAN UNIVERSITY. HER REPTILIAN FEATURES, HER HISSING VOICE, HER COLD PIERCING EYES INSPIRED BOTH FASCINATION AND FEAR IN HER PEERS.



HI THERE, SSSSARA. MY BUT YOUR FANGS LOOK ESSSSSPECIALLY SSSSHARP TODAY!

DO YOU LIKE MY GLOVES SARA? THEY'RE MADE OF GENUINE SNAKESKIN!



HOWEVER SARA IS NOT WITHOUT A DEFENDER. CHARLIE'S CHILDHOOD HORROR HAS MATURED INTO LOYALTY AND INTEREST.



NOBODY TALKS TO HER LIKE THAT! YOU APOLOGIZE-- RIGHT NOW!

YEAH, CHARLIE, SURE! LOOK, WE DIDN'T MEAN ANY HARM! WE'RE SORRY!



YOU ALL RIGHT, SARA?

SSSURE, CHARLIE!

I'LL PICK YOU UP AFTER YOUR BALLET CLASS. WE'LL HAVE A BITE TO EAT AT SOLLY'S!



CHARLIE THE DREAMER HAD MATURED INTO CHARLIE THE SCHEMER AND HE HAD IDEAS-- A MILLION DOLLARS WORTH!

IT GETSSS WORSSSE EVERY DAY. MY FACE BECOMES MORE AND MORE SSNAKE-LIKE AS I GROW OLDER. SSSSSS. WHAT AM I GOING TO DO CHARLIE!

DON'T WORRY. CHARLIE'S ALWAYS TAKEN CARE OF YOU, INSTEAD OF HIDING YOUR APPEARANCE, WE'LL EXPLOIT IT FOR A DANCE ACT. NO SIDE-SHOW STUFF-- HIGH CLASS.

YOUR GRANDPARENTS WERE EGYPTIAN, RIGHT? WHAT BETTER PLACE TO KICK OFF... EGYPT, THE LAND OF SNAKES! YOU'LL BE TREATED LIKE A GODDESS. YOU'LL PERFORM FOR ROYALTY. ALL RIGHT, BABY?

YOU'RE MY PROTECTOR, CHARLIE. WHATEVER YOU SSSAY.

EGYPT, THE KINGDOM OF LEGENDS. HERE IN THE SHADOWS OF THE PYRAMIDS, THE TOMBS OF THE DEMIGOD PHARAOKS, CHARLIE PITT WAS PREPARING TO UNVAIL A NEW GODDESS.

SARA, MORE REPTILIAN THAN HUMAN-- HER HEAD ALMOST COMPLETELY RESEMBLES A COBRA'S BUT HER INSTINCTS ARE A WOMAN'S. SHE PRAYS FOR SUCCESS MORE FOR CHARLIE'S SAKE THAN FOR HER OWN.

THE MUSIC BEGINS. HIGH-PITCHED, HAUNTING MELODIES. HER BODY SWAYS IN RYTHM WITH THE TUNES AND HER NATURAL FLUID MOTION MAKES IT APPEAR AS IF SHE HAS NO SKELETON. AT THE END OF HER DANCE, THE APPLAUSE THUNDERS!

HOW WERE THE REVIEWSSS?

NOT BAD, CONSIDERING. WITH A LITTLE MORE CAPITAL FOR PUBLICITY, I COULD MAKE YOU KNOWN ALL OVER EGYPT.

LET'S GO SIGHT-SEEING. IT'LL TAKE OUR MINDS OFF BUSINESS.

WITHIN THE SACRED TEMPLE OF ARKE-RAN-KE.

I *KNEW* EGYPT WAS THE PLACE FOR YOU, BABY! THIS GUY COULD HAVE BEEN YOUR BROTHER!

MY GRANPARENTSSSS SENT ME TO AMERICA WHEN I WAS ONLY AN INFANT YET THIS ALL SSSEEMS FAMILIAR TO ME, SSSISS.



SARA, LOOK AT THAT EYE. IT'S EXACTLY LIKE THAT PENDANT YOU ALWAYS WEAR!

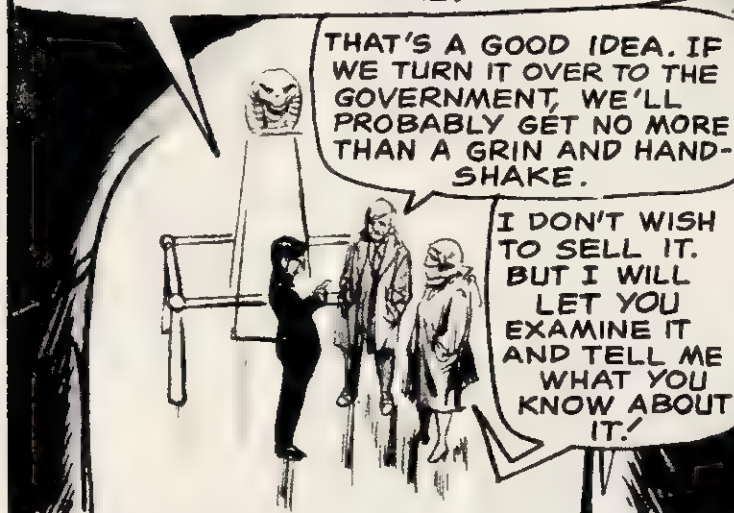
YOU'RE RIGHT. IT'SS EXACTLY LIKE IT, HISSSS.



EXCUSE ME, BUT I COULDN'T HELP OVER-HEARING. MY NAME IS CECIL TIBBS. MY PARTNER, HASI BARDOV, AND I DEAL IN GEMS. IF THE UH... LADY WILL BRING HER PENDANT TO OUR SHOP PERHAPS WE COULD MAKE A DEAL.

THAT'S A GOOD IDEA. IF WE TURN IT OVER TO THE GOVERNMENT, WE'LL PROBABLY GET NO MORE THAN A GRIN AND HAND-SHAKE.

I DON'T WISH TO SELL IT. BUT I WILL LET YOU EXAMINE IT AND TELL ME WHAT YOU KNOW ABOUT IT!



LATER THAT EVENING...

FORGIVE MY LITTLE PET BUT YOU SEE HE IS A MONGOOSE AND THEY ARE NOTORIOUS SNAKE-EATERS. THE SIGHT OF MISS SARA... WELL...



YES, IT IS AUTHENTIC! IF YOU CARE TO CHANGE YOUR MIND, I AM WILLING TO PAY THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR IT... AMERICAN DOLLARS!

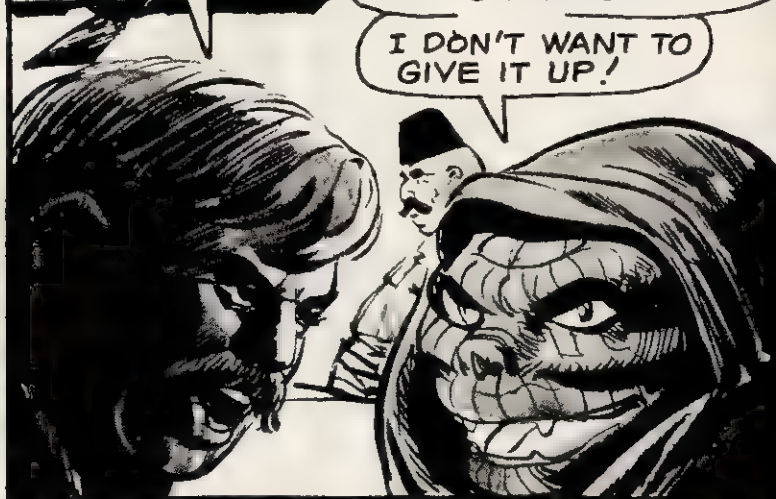
NO! NOT AT ANY PRICE!



ARE YOU CRAZY? WE NEED THAT MONEY FOR ADVERTISING, PUBLICITY, COSTUMES!

IT'S MY HERITAGE. MY GRANDMOTHER PUT IT AROUND MY NECK WHEN I LEFT EGYPT. SSSST. I'VE A FEELING ABOUT IT, CHARLIE...

I DON'T WANT TO GIVE IT UP!



I'M SORRY GENTLEMEN BUT SHE'S VERY ATTACHED TO HER PENDANT.

IT'S A LADY'S PRIVILEGE TO CHANGE HER MIND... SHOULD THAT HAPPEN, I HOPE YOU'LL REMEMBER US!

DREAM'S DIE HARD FOR CHARLIE--AND SOMETIMES THEY ONLY *APPEAR* TO DIE...

SURPRISE, BABY! IT'S A NEW COSTUME-- GO PUT IT ON!

OH, CHARLIE, HOW NICE!

...MUCH BETTER THAN THE OLD ONE! B-BUT... WHERE DID YOU GET THE MONEY!

I SOLD YOUR PENDANT.

SARA! DON'T LOOK AT ME THAT WAY. THINK WHAT THIS MONEY WILL MEAN! SARA!

SSSSSSS!

SARA'S MIND EXPLODES WITH DAZZLING SUNBURSTS OF LIGHT. SHE STRIKES INSTINCTIVELY BEFORE SHE IS AWARE OF WHAT SHE IS DOING.

NO SARA! NOooo!

OH, CHARLIE, WHAT HAVE I DONE? WHY DID YOU HAVE TO SELL MY PENDANT-- *WHY?!*

TIBBS, LOOK AT ITS
BRILLIANCE! IT'S WORTH
THOUSANDS, PERHAPS
EVEN MILLIONS!

DID YOU HEAR THAT?
IT CAME FROM THE
BACK ROOM.



DID YOU
DISCOVER
WHAT THE
NOISE WAS?



IT WASSS MY HISSSSSSING
THAT BOTHERED MISSSTER
TIBBSSS, YOU HAVE MY
PENDANT. I WANT IT
BACK!

PLEASE
PRINCESS
YOU CAN
HAVE IT!



PRINCESSSSSS? THEN MY
GRANDMOTHER'S STORIES
WERE TRUE. I AM PRINCESS
KE-SARA-AMONKA, THE
SNAKE GODDESSSS. MY
PEOPLE HAVE WAITED
LONG ENOUGH FOR MY
RETURN.



YOU HAVE A FEW MOMENTS
MORE BEFORE MY VENOM
REACHES YOUR BRAIN. IT
WILL DRIVE YOU MAD. YOU
WILL FOAM LIKE A RABID
DOG AND THEN YOU WILL
DIE!

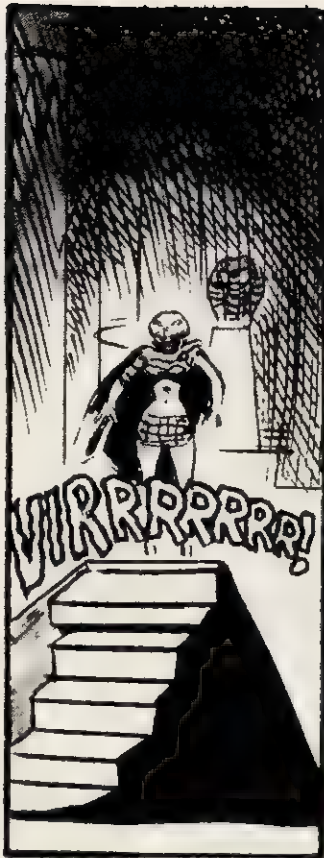


THE MUSEUM WAS TO HAVE
A LATE VISITOR THIS NIGHT--
ROYALTY!





THE GOD
IS NOW
COM-
PLETE!



VIRRRRRRR!



WELCOME,
KE-SARA-
AMONKA.
WE
KNEW
YOU
WOULD
RETURN
TO
US!



THESSSE UNDERGROUND
CHAMBERSSSS USED TO
BE FILLED WITH MY
PEOPLE. MY GRAND-
MOTHER SSSSENT ME
AWAY TO AVOID A
PLAGUE TO PRESSSRVE
ME FOR THISS MOMENT!

PRINCESS, YOU
HAVE RETURNED. WE
HAVE BEEN WAITING
FOR YOU FOR
MANY YEARS!



...FOR WE ARE THE
PLAGUE OF YOUR
PEOPLE-- THE
MONGOOSE
PEOPLE-- THE
**SNAKE-
EATERS!**

POOR SARA! AFTER
PUTTING THE **BITE**
ON SO MANY PEOPLE,
I'M AFRAID SHE'S
GOING TO SUFFER
A DIFFERENT ONE...
MY NEXT TERROR
TALE!



VAMPIR'S FLAMES

DO YOU WANT TO BE A QUEEN?

by Steven Teal

It was spring, but unseasonably cold and windy. It was the mansion of the late Mr. Snyder, who passed on just five days before.

When his will was read, it was learned that this old house and everything it was left to his son, Tom.

Tom's wife, Mary, was a grasping woman. Greedy and power hungry, as everyone knew. When she heard that her father-in-law had hidden a treasure in the old house, she began ransacking the place. It never occurred to her to listen to the old man's warning that his treasure was well-guarded and that its finder would surely die a horrible death.

"Tom, have you found anything yet?"

"NO!"

"Then search harder. We must find the old goat's money!"

But it was Mary who finally made a discovery. Hidden in

a huge dark closet on the second floor, she found a vast fortune. She couldn't hold herself back. She rushed inside. And the door closed itself behind her.

Among the treasures was a golden crown. "Look at me, Tom! I'm a queen at last," she shouted.

"Let's get out of here," answered her husband. "This place gives me the creeps."

"No, I'm a queen, and you're a king, Tom," she chortled as she tipped the crown forward on her head. "Imagine your father having all this. He never gave anything to us while he was alive."

Tom moved to the door. But he couldn't open it. Mary tried, too, but it wouldn't budge. They were surrounded by riches, but trapped.

Before long, a door at the other end of the long closet silently swings open. But beyond it, a strange scene unfolds. Not the present at all, but some grim scene from the past. A scaffold dominates the scene. A scaffold waiting for a king. And a queen.



LI'L OL' VAMPIRELLA
by Toby Caputi, Brooklyn, N.Y.

QUEEN OF THE NIGHT

by Patrick Boles

The silence of the old English castle was broken by the sound of a coffin lid being raised. As the last traces of sunlight receded from the gloomy chamber, a dark, ominous figure rose from the life-preserving soil within the casket.

The figure, Baron Richard Norcross, has been a prisoner of darkness since the day he discovered a gypsy stealing one of his horses. Defending his property, the Baron shot the man, then hung the body over the back of his horse and set out to find the gypsy band.

It was nearly dark before his quest was done. It was then Baron Norcross discovered that he had killed the husband of the gypsy queen.

Upon hearing of her husband's death, the queen told his killer that since he had taken life from her household in the light of day, he was now doomed never to see the sun again. Only darkness, from that day forward.

Dismissing the curse as an idle threat, the Baron ordered the woman and her people from his land. He threatened to return the next morning with the sheriff. But he didn't know that, for him, there was never to be another morning.

On his way home that night, the Baron was thrown from his horse, and left unconscious in a roadside ditch. He never felt the two fangs as they sunk

deep into his throat.

Upon awakening, the Baron felt unusually chilled. The air he breathed seemed stale. As his eyes became adjusted to the darkness, he realized that he had been placed in some sort of box. Or coffin. His first thought was that he must have been buried alive. He started to scream and bang at the closed lid of the box with his fists. As he did, the lid lifted slightly. He wasn't buried. And the box wasn't even locked! He pushed the lid with all his strength. It opened easily. He was free!

On looking around, he recognized that he was in a room beneath his own house. He rushed toward the door, opened it, and made his way up the stairs toward the living quarters in his castle.

Sitting in a chair, the Baron recalled what had happened to him. He remembered the threat of the gypsy queen. She had told him he would know only darkness. Then he remembered that he had been thrown by his horse. And then he recalled walking up in that coffin!

He felt a stabbing pain in his neck. As he rubbed it, he was startled to discover that two tiny holes had punctured his throat. The bite of some small animal, undoubtedly. But when did that happen? He couldn't recall it.

Then, suddenly, it all came back in a flood of memory. The legend of the vampire. It lives only by night and returns to its resting place at daybreak.

All the stories agreed that the mark of the vampire was two tiny holes in the victim's throat. And the victim, in turn, becomes a vampire himself!

The Baron's first victim was a farmer who lived nearby. But there have been many victims since then.

The latest, by the way, was a certain widowed gypsy queen who now rests in another room of this old English castle.



ROBERT THIVIERGE, Of Ottawa, Canada, sent in this groovy sketch of a young barbarian lass, stealing thru a swamp in her stalking feet. Spear in hand, athlete's feet between toes.

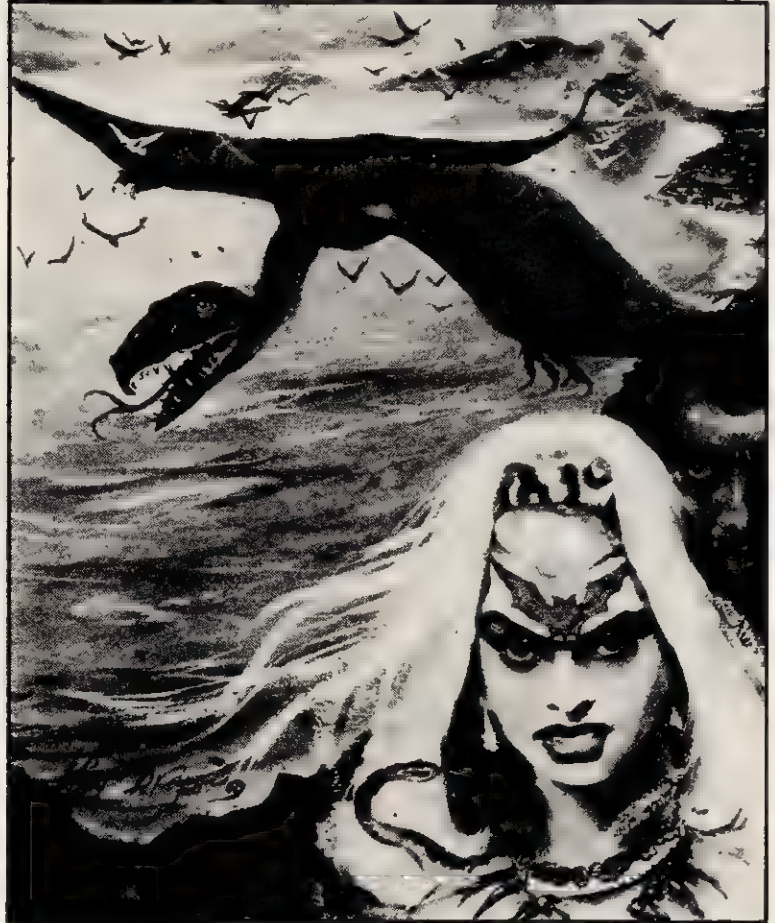
We really want to see
MORE of your unforgettable art and memorable stories.

Rush them to:
Vampi's Flames
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New York, N.Y. 10017

VAMPI'S GALLERY OF PULSATING PIGMENTS



Ghoulish Gaul, PHILLIPPE DRUILLET, of Paris, France, whose terri-fable, **THE CITY WITH NO NAME** appears in **EERIE #29 FAN FARE**, sent this portrait of yours toothfully pictured along with some of my friends.



PETER SADEKY, of Bamberg, Germany, sent this painting air mail (by carrier-bat?) of a pre-historic Vampire scene. The chick and her boy-friend are vamps, whether the pterodactyle is too, is not certain.



TONY DE SENSI, of Pittsburgh, Pa., rendered the sensitive, sensual sensational portrait of Dracolon's favorite vampire above. The batty bats are from forgotten comic-bookland, and are named Freddy, and Orlano Busino.



JOHN WOJICK, of Toronto, Ontario, thought he'd be cute and rig me up a blind-as-a-bat date with Christopher Lee. Personally, it wouldn't work out, as a fellow vamp is the next worst thing to a turnip.

PROLOGUE

...THE SUNSET STRIP IN HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA... SATURDAY NIGHT... WITH IT'S LEGIONS OF FREE-THINKERS... AND TOURISTS WITH THEIR HARSH COMMENTS AND SNEERING FACES... THE STRIP, WHERE NOT ONLY CAN YOU FIND LIGHTS AND MUSIC AND OTHER GOODIES... BUT ALSO THE ROOTS OF **DEATH!**

FREE PRESS!! FREE PRESS, MISTER? FREE!!!

KEEP IT MOVIN'... JUST KEEP IT MOVIN'!!!



WHAT A BUMMER! THREE #\$\$%&%! PAPERS SOLD ALL NIGHT! GUESS I NEED A LITTLE HELP!

LOOK AT 'EM, WILL YA LOOK AT 'EM GLADYS IT'S GETTING SO YOU CAN'T TELL THE BOYS FROM THE GIRLS ANYMORE!



DYNAMITE! THE MAN'S NOT AROUND FOR A BUST! NOBODY'LL SEE ME IN THIS ALLEY!



AHHHH...!! THIS WAY, IF NOBODY GIVES ME ANY BREAD FOR THE FREEP.. WHO CARES!!!



HUH? WHAT'S THAT SOUND? THE FUZZ? NO...



NO! W-WHAT... THIS CAN'T BE HAPPENING! I HAVEN'T HAD A SINGLE HIT ALL NIGHT! THAT MEANS THIS IS FOR **REAL!**



OK, ALL YOU LIBRAS AND LEOS AND OTHER SIGNS OF OUR TIMES, WITH AN APOLOGY TO ASTROLOGY, HERE'S A **GHA**ST-ROLOGICAL FORECAST FOR YOU DUDES WITH **STARS** IN YOUR EYES.

SIGNS OF SUPERSTITION

SHERRY... IT'S JUST AROUND THE BEND!

WHAT?... I CAN'T HEAR YOU BACK HERE!

A MECHANICAL KICK TURNS ON THE MIGHTY ROARING ENGINE... AND THE HEAVY 650 SPEEDS UP CURVING ROADS BEFORE THE EVENING MISTS BLANKETING THE HOLLYWOOD HILLS...

RRRRRRRR

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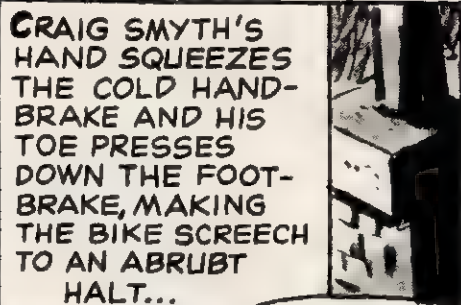
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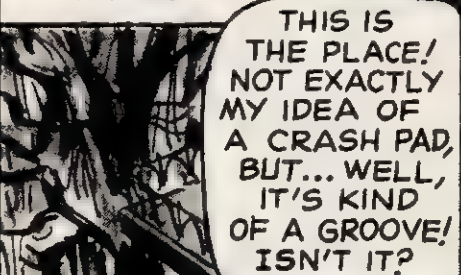
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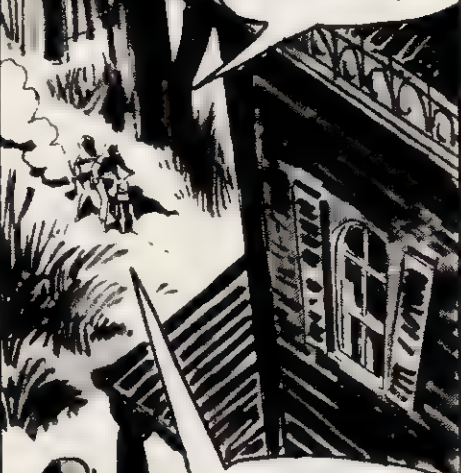
RRRRRRRR




CRAIG SMYTH'S HAND SQUEEZES THE COLD HAND-BRAKE AND HIS TOE PRESSES DOWN THE FOOT-BRAKE, MAKING THE BIKE SCREECH TO AN ABRUPT HALT...



THIS IS THE PLACE! NOT EXACTLY MY IDEA OF A CRASH PAD, BUT... WELL, IT'S KIND OF A GROOVE! ISN'T IT?

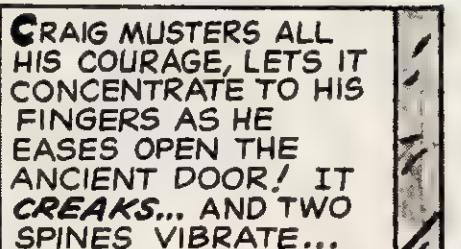


Y-YES-S! B-BUT, CRAIG... WHAT ARE WE SUPPOSED TO FIND HERE? THE **DARK SHADOW'S** CASTING OFFICE?

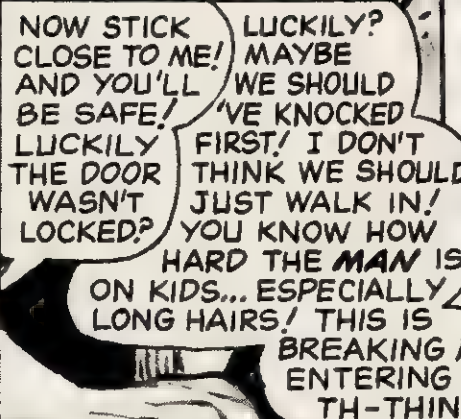


I'VE NEVER ACTUALLY BEEN HERE BEFORE! DON'T REALLY KNOW MANY PEOPLE WHO HAVE! BUT I HEARD A LOT OF THE HARD-CORE ASTROLOGY FREAKS RAP ABOUT IT! SUPPOSED TO BE THE ULTIMATE SIGN TRIP!

GIVES ME THE **CREEPS!** LOOKS LIKE IT SHOULD HAVE **COLLAPSED** A HUNDRED YEARS AGO!



CRAIG MUSTERS ALL HIS COURAGE, LETS IT CONCENTRATE TO HIS FINGERS AS HE EASES OPEN THE ANCIENT DOOR! IT **CREAKS...** AND TWO SPINES VIBRATE...




NOW STICK CLOSE TO ME! AND YOU'LL BE SAFE! LUCKILY THE DOOR WASN'T LOCKED?

LUCKILY? MAYBE WE SHOULD 'VE KNOCKED FIRST! I DON'T THINK WE SHOULD JUST WALK IN! YOU KNOW HOW HARD THE **MAN** IS ON KIDS... ESPECIALLY LONG HAIRS! THIS IS BREAKING AND ENTERING I TH-THINK!

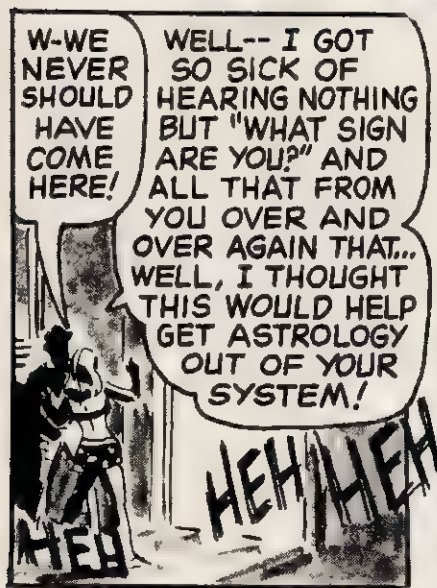
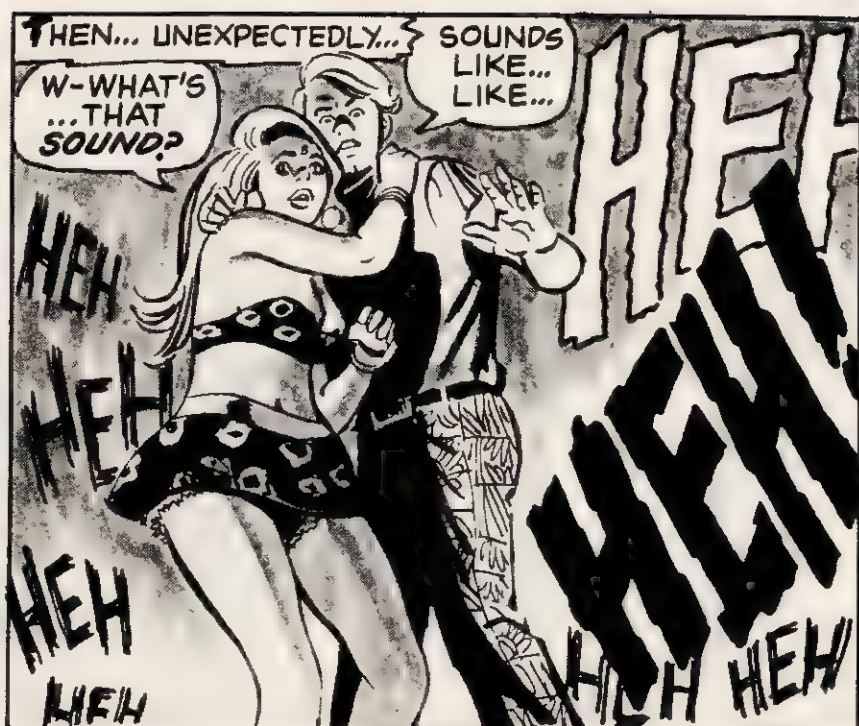
OH HUSH UP! COME ON!

ALL... ALL RIGHT! YOU LEAD THE W-WAY! B-BUT I'M NOT ASHAMED TO SAY I'M SC-SCARED!



WISH THERE WAS A LIGHT! MOON THROWS OFF SOME... MAN! LOOK AT THOSE **PAINTINGS!**

OH, CRAIG!



THEN... ENTERING ANOTHER ROOM...



L-LOOK! I KNOW SOME OF THESE PEOPLE! RECOGNIZE THEM FROM THE STRIP!... AND FROM THE OLD SHRINE AUDITORIUM ROCK SHOWS! FROM ALL OVER!

BUT WHY DO THEY JUST... SIT THERE LIKE THAT? LISTENING TO THAT HORRIBLE LAUGHTER?

IT'S... LIKE THEY'RE HYPNOTIZED OR SOMETHING! BOY! COME ON! SNAP OUT OF IT!



NO USE, SHERRY! I CAN'T BREAK THE SPELL! WAIT! THEY'RE GETTING UP! LIKE A PACK OF... OF MINDLESS ZOMBIES!



JUST STANDING THERE... BUT WHAT ARE THEY WAITING FOR? GOOD LORD!!!



L-LEO... THE LION!

THEY DON'T EVEN REALIZE WHAT'S HAPPENING! SHERRY, DON'T LOOK!!!

WITHIN MOMENTS, THE TERRIBLE ONSLAUGHT IS OVER... THE SILENT BLAST PAUSES, ITS UNNATURAL BELLY GORGED WITH WARM FLESH AND BLOOD... AND THE ONLY SOUND IS...





HOW...
H-HORRIBLE!

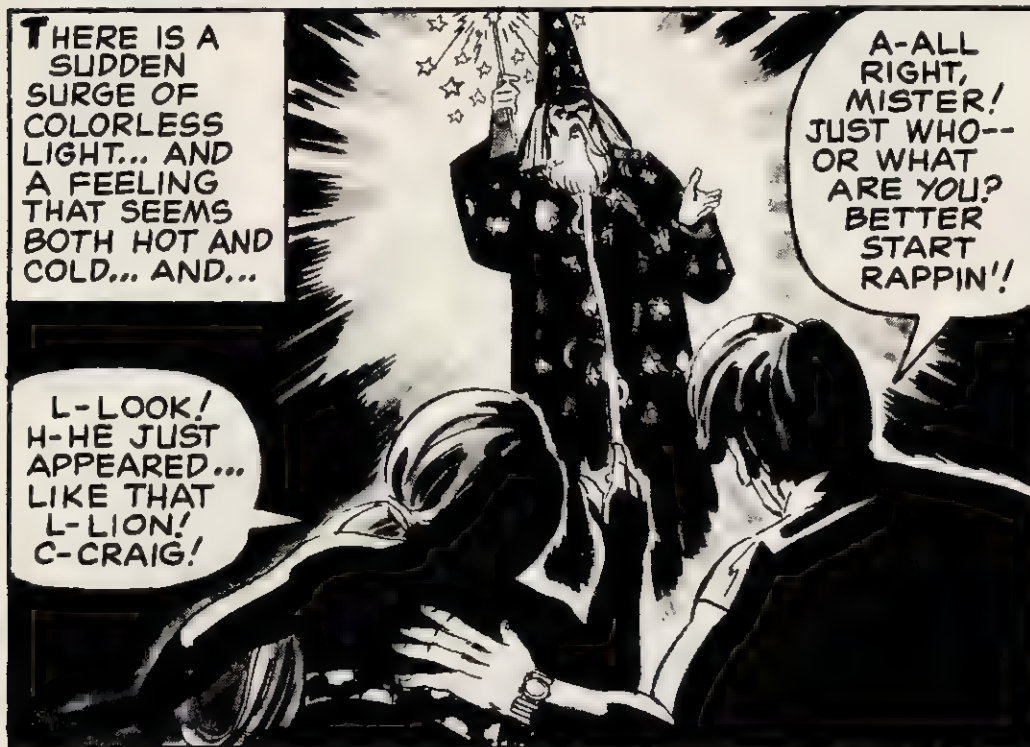
THANK GOD IT
DIDN'T SEE US!
NOW IT'S... VANISH-
ING... JUST LIKE
IT'S APPEARED!
I FEEL LIKE I'M
HALLUCINATING!
BUT I HAVEN'T
HAD A THING!



OH, BUT **LEO**
DID SEE YOU!
IT IS JUST
THAT I HAVE
CHOSEN TO LET
YOU SURVIVE
A BIT LONGER...
FOR MY OWN
AMUSEMENT!

CRAIG!
TH-THAT
VOICE!

BUT I DON'T
SEE ANYONE!



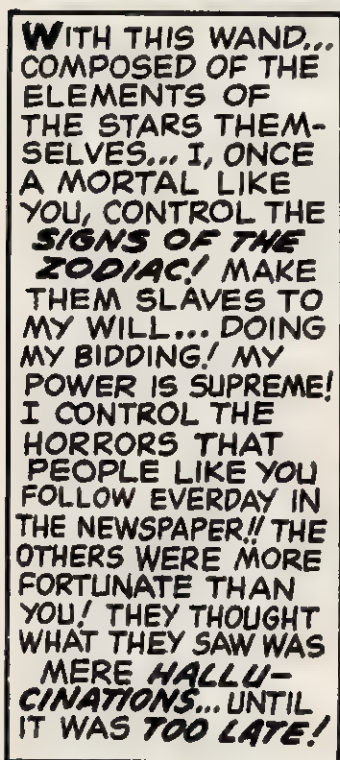
THERE IS A
SUDDEN
SURGE OF
COLORLESS
LIGHT... AND
A FEELING
THAT SEEMS
BOTH HOT AND
COLD... AND...

L-LOOK!
H-HE JUST
APPEARED...
LIKE THAT
L-LION!
C-CRAIG!

A-ALL
RIGHT,
MISTER!
JUST WHO--
OR WHAT
ARE YOU?
BETTER
START
RAPPIN'!



I AM **ZODAK**, THE
MASTER OF THE STARS!
AND THIS IS MY DOMAIN,
FROM WHICH I LAUNCH
MY STELLAR EVILS
UPON AN UNSUSPECTING
WORLD... TO DESTROY
...TO KILL
...TO
MAIM!



WITH THIS WAND...
COMPOSED OF THE
ELEMENTS OF
THE STARS THEM-
SELVES... I, ONCE
A MORTAL LIKE
YOU, CONTROL THE
**SIGNS OF THE
ZODIAC!** MAKE
THEM SLAVES TO
MY WILL... DOING
MY BIDDING! MY
POWER IS SUPREME!
I CONTROL THE
HORRORS THAT
PEOPLE LIKE YOU
FOLLOW EVERYDAY IN
THE NEWSPAPER!! THE
OTHERS WERE MORE
FORTUNATE THAN
YOU! THEY THOUGHT
WHAT THEY SAW WAS
MERE **HALLU-
CINATIONS...** UNTIL
IT WAS **TOO LATE!**

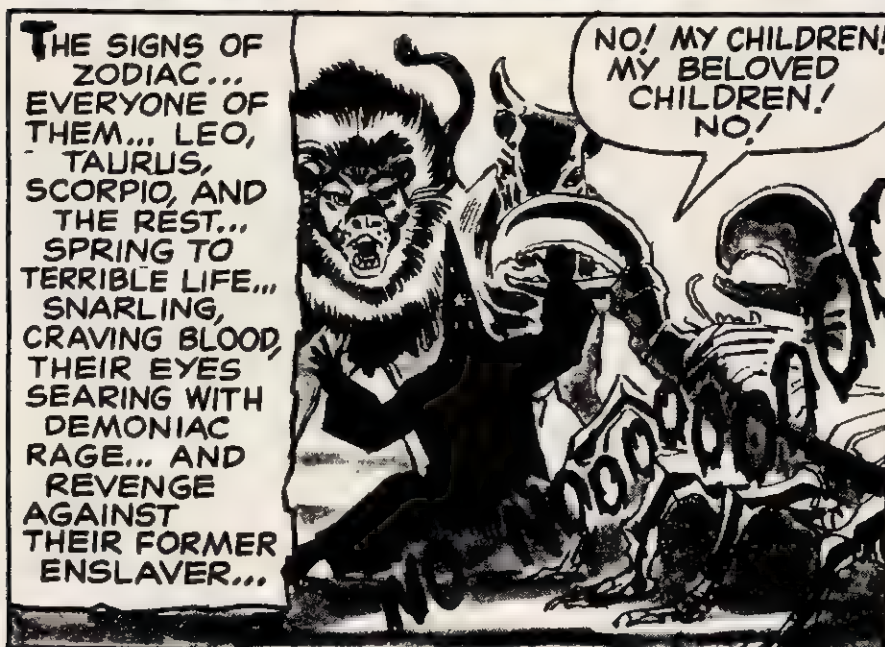
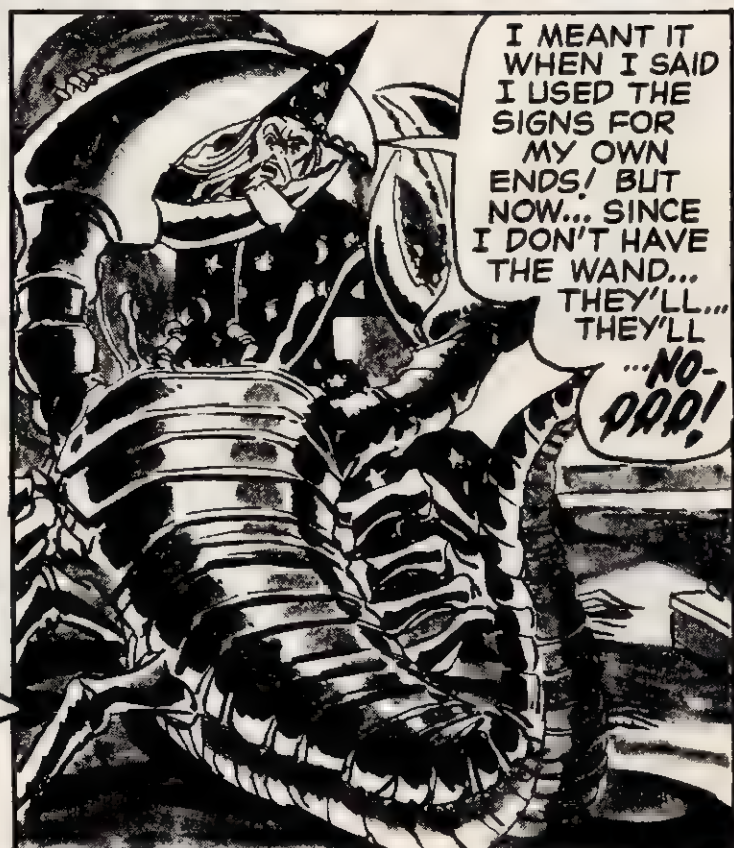
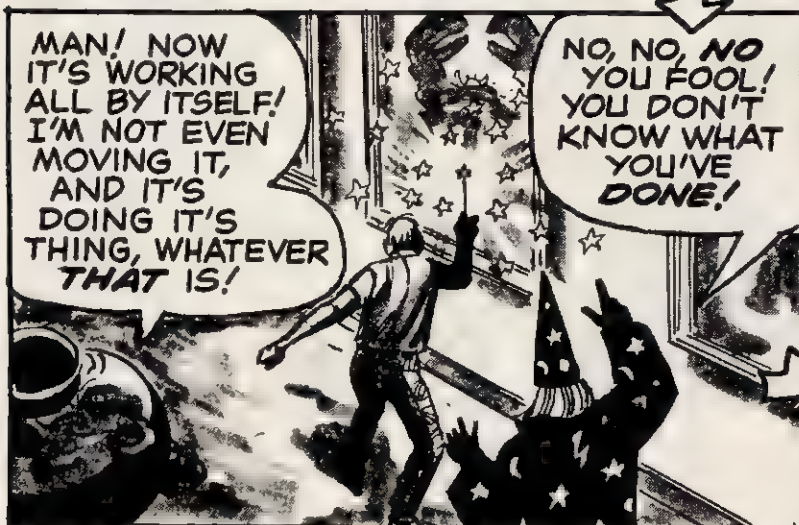
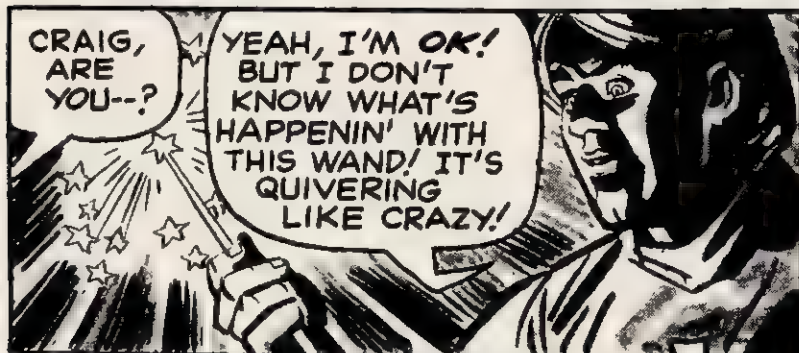


I'VE LET MY DOMAIN GAIN A REPU-
TATION AS A PLACE TO -- AS YOU
PEOPLE SAY-- **TRIP OUT!** IT WAS A
CONVENIENT WAY TO **FEED** MY
CHILDREN OF THE STARS! THEIR
HUMAN MEALS WOULD COME HERE!
AND WITH THE HELP OF
MESMERIC POWERS THEY
WOULD BECOME NOTHING
BUT **ZOMBIES!**

LOOK AT
HIS EYES!



BUT NONE WHO HAVE
COME TO **ZODAK'S**
DOMAIN HAVE BEEN SO...
BEAUTIFUL AS YOU, MY
DEAR! PERHAPS I SHALL
KEEP YOU FOR
MYSELF!





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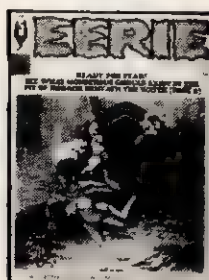
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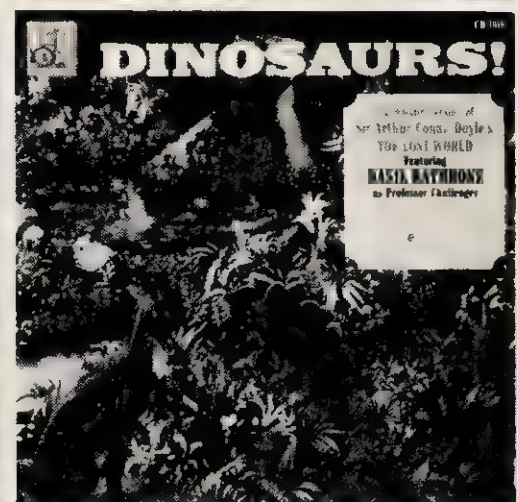
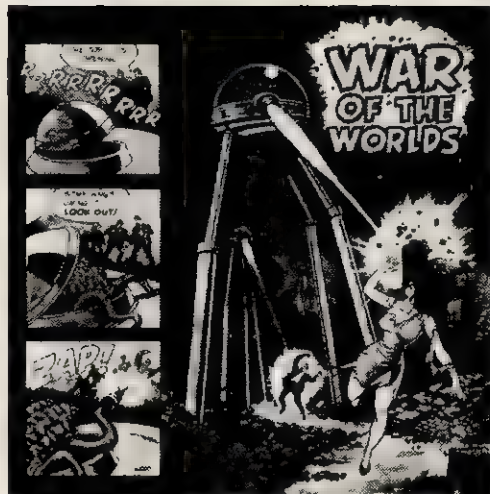
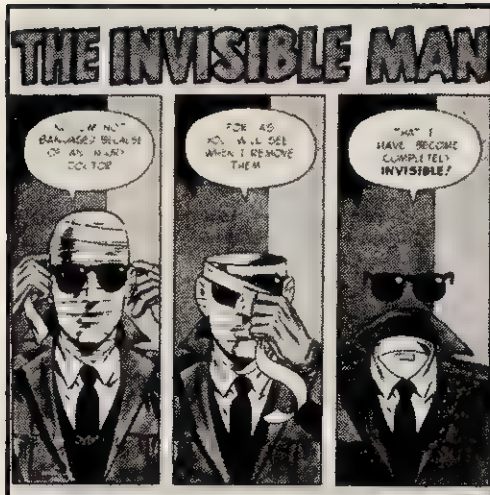
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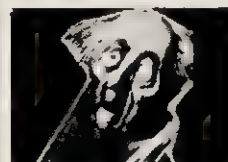
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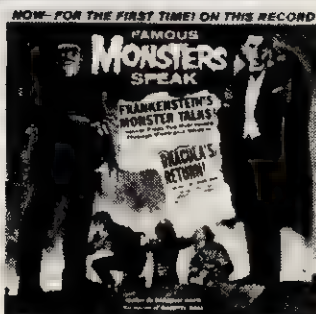
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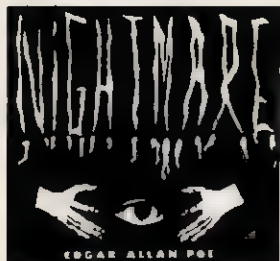
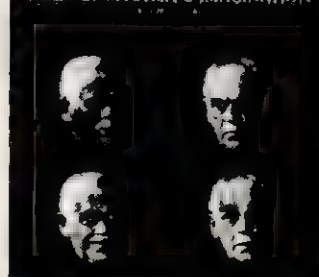
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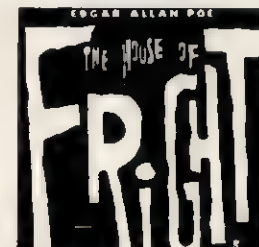
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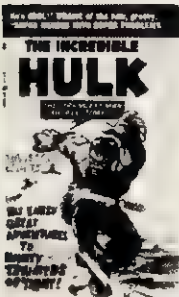
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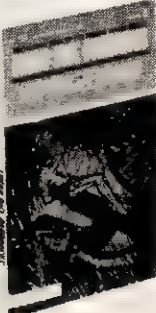
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LITTLE MINDI WAS FOREVER ADOPTING STRAY KITTENS, CHIPMUNKS AND WOUNDED BIRDS. SHE WOULD FEED THEM AND CARE FOR THEM AND SO IT WAS NOT UNUSUAL TO SEE AN ANIMAL TRAILING AFTER HER, HOPING FOR A MEAL. THE GULFER, HOWEVER, WANTED TO MAKE A MEAL OF MINDI HERSELF!

THE GULFER

TWO INNOCENTS WHO HAVE SPENT THE BRIGHT SUMMER DAY ENJOYING CAREFREE GAMES NOW STAND IN AWE BEFORE AN OLD HOUSE. FOREBODING AND GRIM, IT REEKS WITH SO LINGERING AN ATMOSPHERE OF EVIL THAT THEY OBSERVE WAVES RISING FROM THE HOARY STRUCTURE AND DISTURBING THE TRANQUILLITY.

DO YOU SEE THEM, FLUFF? THOSE ARE THE SPIRITS OF ALL THE PEOPLE OLD MAN FERMYORE KILLED. HE WAS A WARLOCK. MAMA KNOWS. LET'S GO UP TO THE DOOR. JUST UP TO THE DOOR.



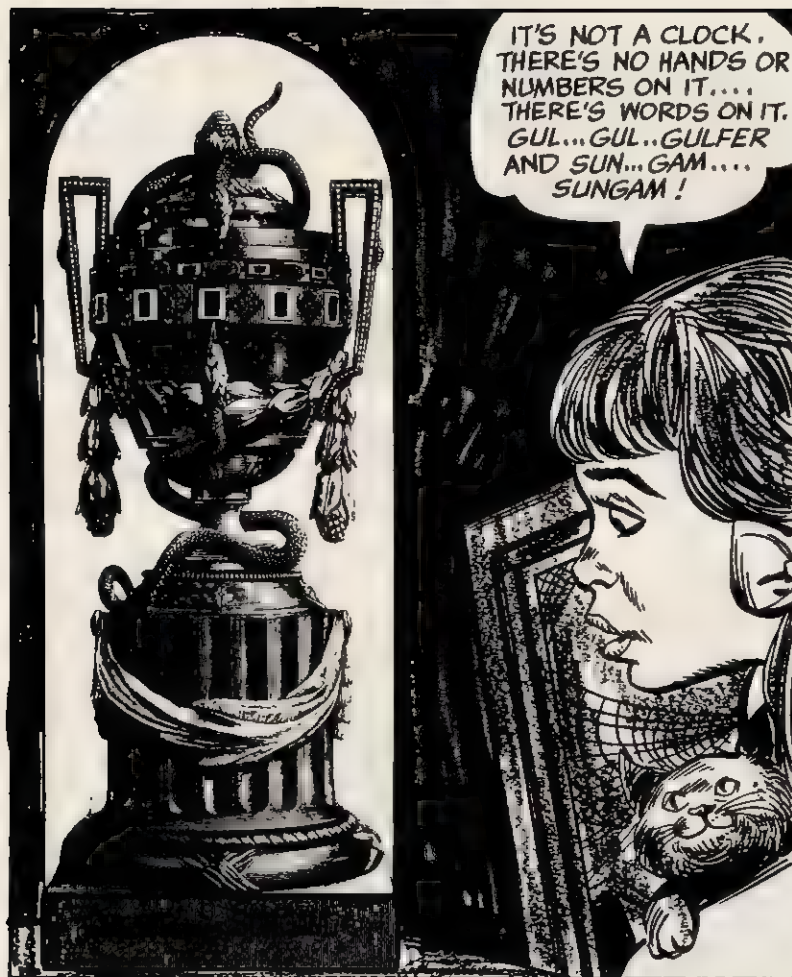
THE KITTEN WAS MORE CURIOUS THAN CAUTIOUS.

FLUFF! YOU COME BACK HERE! YOU'RE NO SCARDY CAT BUT RIGHT NOW I WISH YOU WERE.



NAUGHTY CAT! I.... WHY WHAT'S THAT?





IT'S NOT A CLOCK.
THERE'S NO HANDS OR
NUMBERS ON IT....
THERE'S WORDS ON IT.
GUL...GUL...GULFER
AND SUN...GAM....
SUNGAM!



A RAGING, INVISIBLE, MAELSTROM RENDERS THE
HOUSE TO FRAGMENTS.

RUN, FLUFF!!
THE GULFER'S COMING!
IT'LL GET US!



IT IS LONG PAST SUPPERTIME WHEN
MINDI FINALLY ARRIVES AT THE
SUMMER HOUSE WHERE SHE AND HER
FAMILY ARE STAYING. MAMA, BOTH
RELIEVED AND ANGRY, WAITS TO SCOLD
THE TARDY CHILD.

SO THERE YOU ARE.
LYDIA AND I HAVE
JUST FINISHED
WASHING THE
SUPPER DISHES.

MAMA, WHAT'S
SUNGAM MEAN?

DON'T TRY TO CHANGE
THE SUBJECT! YOU
SHOULD... WHERE DID
YOU HEAR THAT WORD?



IT'S MAGNUS, THE
GREAT MEDIEVAL
MAGICIAN'S NAME,
SPELLED BACK-
WARD. IT'S OFTEN
USED AS AN
INCANTATION.
WHERE DID YOU
HEAR IT?

I READ IT ON
SOMETHING AT
OLD MAN
FERMYORE'S
HOUSE, MAY I
HAVE SOME
SUPPER?



SHE ALSO
MENTIONED
SOMETHING
CALLED A
GULFER.
I THINK
SHE MEANT
ENGULFER.
IT'S A
DANGEROUS
SUPERNATURAL
BEAST.

THOSE BOOKS YOU
READ MAY TELL YOU
THAT, BUT RIVAL SALES-
MEN ARE THE ONLY
BEASTS I WORRY
ABOUT UNTIL I SEE
A GULFER, OR WHAT
EVER IT IS.



THERE'S SOMETHING STANDING
IN THE TREES WATCHING THE
HOUSE. CAN YOU SEE IT, FLUFF?
THERE IN THE MOONLIGHT.



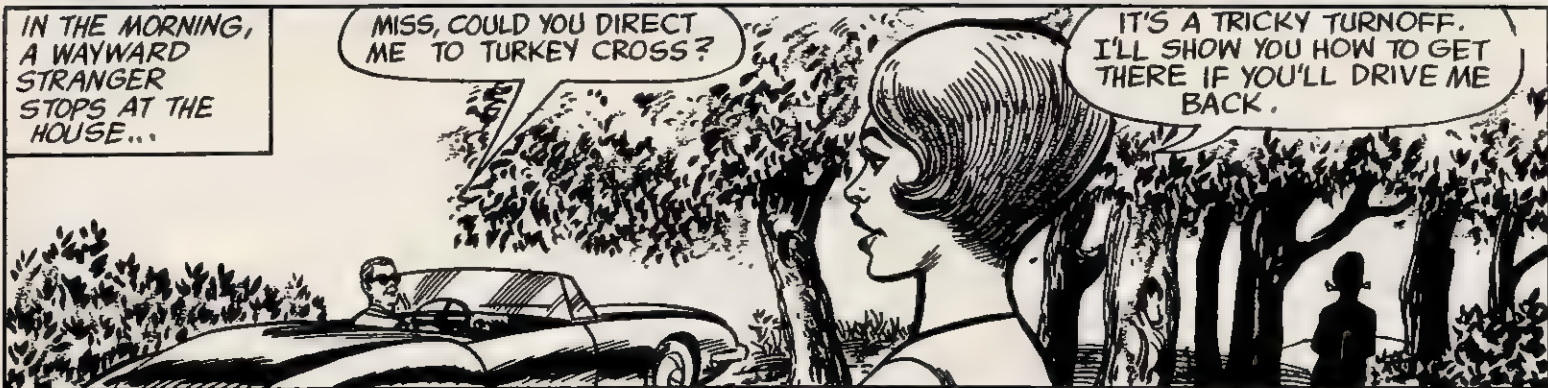
IT'S TALLER
THAN THE
TREES!



IN THE MORNING,
A WAYWARD
STRANGER
STOPS AT THE
HOUSE...

MISS, COULD YOU DIRECT
ME TO TURKEY CROSS?

IT'S A TRICKY TURNOFF.
I'LL SHOW YOU HOW TO GET
THERE IF YOU'LL DRIVE ME
BACK.



SHE SHOULDN'T
HAVE DONE THAT.



HOURS LATER ...

HAVE YOU SEEN
LYDIA? SHE'S
BEEN GONE ALL
DAY.

SHE WENT
WITH A MAN
IN A CAR TO
TURKEY CROSS.

I'LL GET
THE TRUCK
...DON'T
WORRY!



A SHORT DISTANCE FROM TURKEY
CROSS, WARD'S WORST FEARS ARE
REALIZED. APPREHENSIVELY, HE
WALKS TOWARD THE WRECKED
CAR AFRAID OF WHAT HE'LL FIND.

OH!
NO!

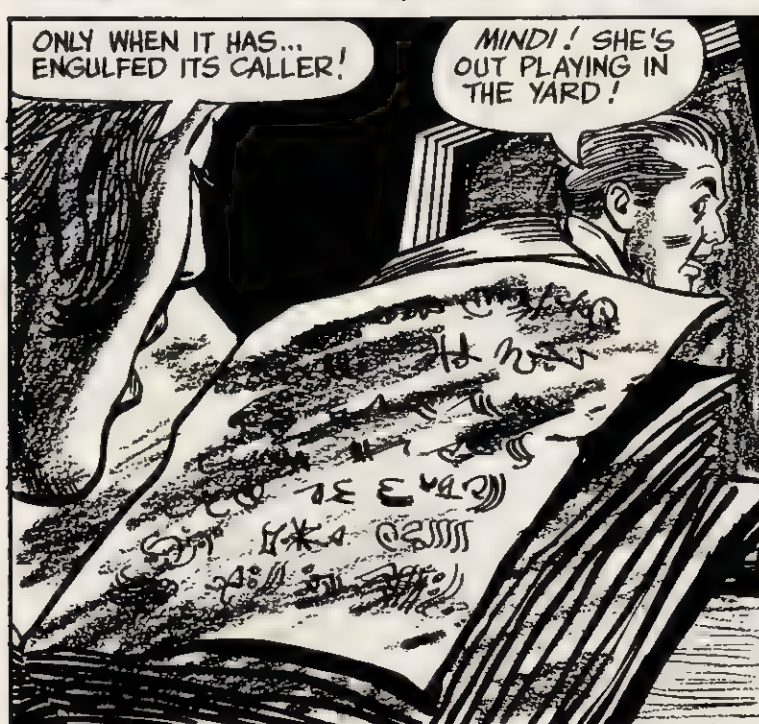
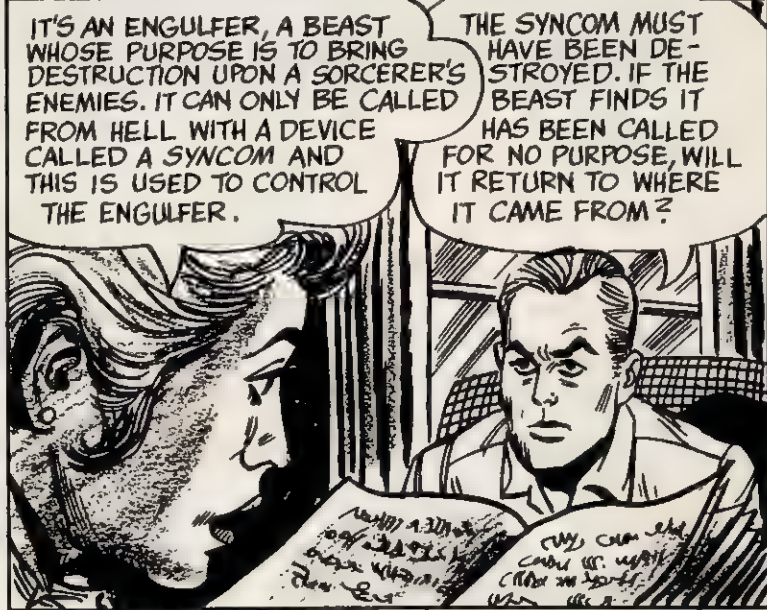


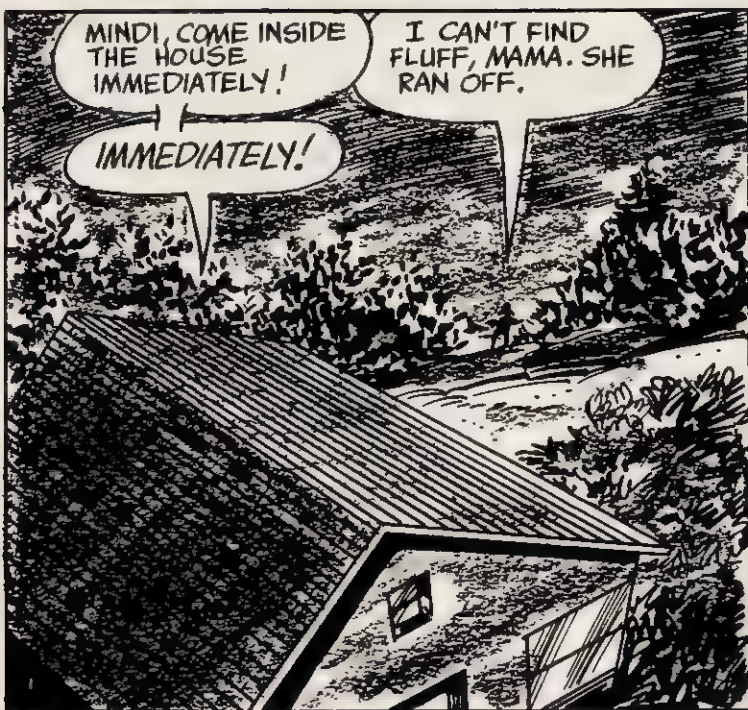
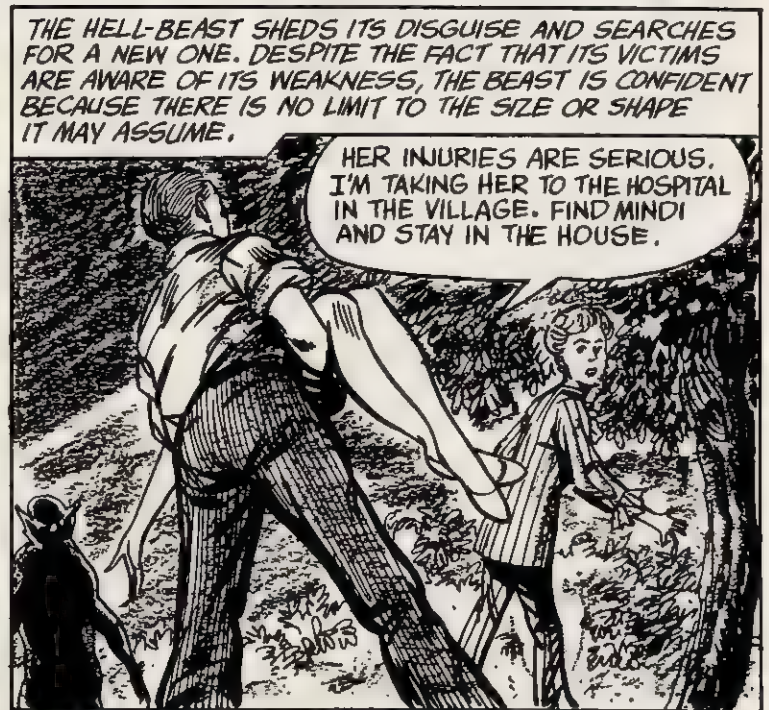


AMID THE DEBRIS, WARD IS MYSTERIOUSLY ATTRACTED TO A DECAYING, YELLOWED BOOK. THE UNCANNY VOLUMN NEARLY SREAMS FOR ATTENTION.



MARIE READS THE DREADFUL BOOK SLOWLY, DEVOURING EACH WORD, SYLLABLE BY SYLLABLE UNTIL SHE IS ALMOST ABLE TO RECITE THE PAGES.





LOOK MAMA, FLUFF CAME BACK. SHE WOULDN'T COME IN THE HOUSE SO I BROUGHT HER IN.

TAKE HER DOWNSTAIRS TO THE PLAYROOM.

THE GULFER DIDN'T GET US, FLUFF. IT GOT POOR LYDIA BUT NOT US. WHAT A FUNNY LOOK YOU HAVE IN YOUR EYES AND YOU'RE GETTING HEAVIER.

HEAT FLOODS THE TINY ROOM AS THE AIR BECOMES THICK WITH THE PUNGENT ODOR OF SULPHUR.

THE HELL-BEAST HAS FORGOTTEN THAT IT NOW WEARS AN OBJECT WHICH WILL NOT EXPAND ALONG WITH THE REST OF ITS BODY.

THE COLLAR!

IT IS THE INNOCENTS WHO ARE THE PREY OF EVIL. THEIR NAIVITY MAKES THEM NATURAL VICTIMS. BUT THIS "GOLIATH" IS DEAD... SLAIN BY THE GENTLEST OF "DAVIDS", A LITTLE GIRL CALLED MINDI.

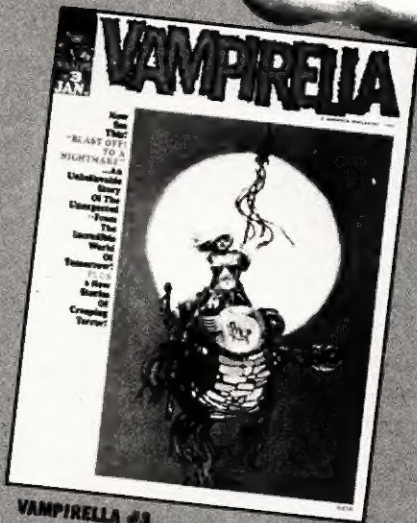
HOW'S THAT FOR AN ENDING THAT LEAVES YOU ALL **CHOKED UP**, FEAR FANATICS...? **ESPECIALLY IF YOU'RE THE ENGULFER!**

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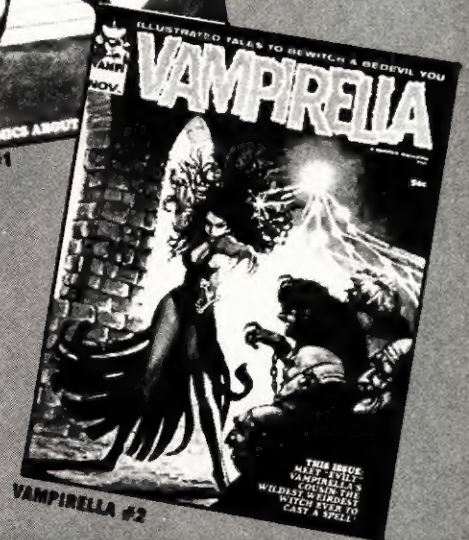
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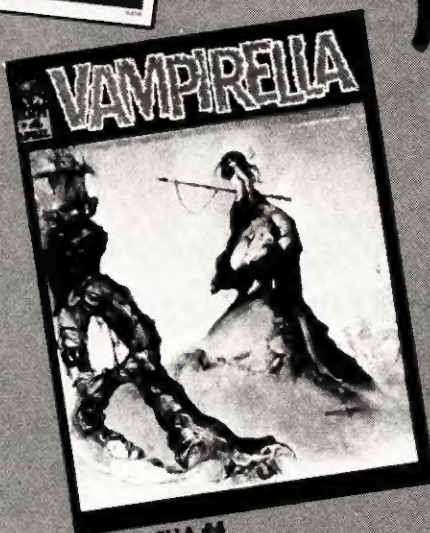
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